

CLEAR THE SHIP!

Look—upon the rim of night
Leaps a tumbling fringe of light—
Breakers at their play!
How they race, and roar, and fight;
How they toss their foam-crests white;
Sea beasts hot for prey;
Mad to rend yon gallant vessel,
That with wind and wave doth wrestle,
In the reef-bound bay.

Stem on to the rocks she's driving,
Spite of steersman's skill and striving.
Hark—the minute gun!
Masts are rending, sails are riving,
Seamanship forswears contriving.
What can be, is done.
God be with all souls aboard here!
To your prayers! For death take order,
Ere life's sand be run!

No; not yet all hope forswearing—
Hold on, gallant hearts! she's wearing!
Hurrah! Off she pays!
Upward shoots the blue light flaring,
And her taffrail land-ward bearing,
By the lurid blaze,
On a gilded scroll, fair written,
Shows that good ship's name — "GREAT
BRITAIN."
Wreathed about with bays.

Over her bulwarks fiercely leaping,
Fore and aft the sea comes sweeping,
Clean from stem to stern!
Where are they should watch be keeping?
Some are spent, and some are sleeping,
Waking to discern
All too late their fatal error,
Hither, thither, mad with terror
Helplessly they turn.

Birth-right pilots—'tis the hour
Wherein to display your power.
Up and prove your claims!
Craven pilots! Do ye cower?
Leaping waves and skies that lower
Lack respect for names.
Up, or stand aside for ever,
While plebeian hands endeavor
To repair your shames!

Common hands, come clear the deck,
Man the pumps the leak to check.
Over with each gun!
Out knives, risking limb or neck,
Cut away that floating wreck;
Let the anchors run!
Out with red tape and top hamper.
We may be drier, can't be damper.
Give way, and 'tis done!

Then cheerily, oh! with a yeo heave, oh!
Cheerily, oh! with a stamp and go,
Though she roll till her yard-arms dip.
Leave croakers and cowards to drivel and
doubt.

The ship's heart of oak, and will stand this
bout,

And be good for many a trip!
Thanks to common men, mere brains and
muscles,

Neither PALMERSTONS, GORDONS, DERBY,
nor RUSSELLS!

Clear the ship! Clear the ship! Clear the
ship! (Punch.)

From Fraser's Magazine

H O M E .

BROAD lands and stormy seas lie spread
Between me and my home,
But still its ancient paths I tread,
Still round its walls I roam.
A stranger hath my heritage,
But he'll ne'er be rid of me,—
I climb the stairs, I pace the floors,
I pass unchallenged through the doors,
—A ghost no eye can see.

I stand in the dewy morning now,
Just as I stood of old,
Under the sweet laburnum bough,
With its showery green and gold;
I thread the orchard alleys dim,
I hear the breezy sound
Of the wind that ripples the leaves o'erhead,
And I see the apple blossoms shed
Their snow-flakes on the ground.

Poor garden! changed and sad its plight!
It seems to peak and pine,—
I miss a world of sweet delight
It owned in 'auld lang syne';
The broad box-edges run to waste,
Weeds creep where flowers should bloom;
The axe has plied its cruel war,
And wrought its ravage wide and far;
What right had strangers' hands to mar
My home? still, still, my home!

By the garden hedge, ere daylight dies,
I love, in thought, to lean,
And scan, with soft, tear-troubled eyes,
The old familiar scene.
The meadow, velvet-smooth; the tall
Dark grove of ancient trees;
The little river, flashing bright,
Like a sunny beam of liquid light,
And the lowing kine, and the swallow's flight,
My heart doth yearn to these.

My heart doth yearn, despite the pain,
And gazing thus afar,

I see, in my dream, dawn once again,
 Youth's dewy morning star.
 I bare my forehead, and seem to feel
 Its clouds of grief and care
 Pass off and away, pass off and away,
 As the vapors of night at the break of day,
 Pass off in the azure air.

I am young, I am young, I'm a merry boy!
 What's gloom? what's grief? what's doubt?
 What sorrow can darken or dim my joy?
 I laugh,—I sing,—I shout;
 But the sun goes down, and the stars steal forth
 And the ghostly mists arise,
 And fast as the night-shades grow and grow,
 The old care-cloud comes back to my brow,
 And the tears to my troubled eyes.

Ah! then I mount the winding stair,
 With faltering step and slow,
 To the little room, so white and fair
 In the dear old time, I go,—
 To the room where my childish prayer was said,
 Where slumber was sure to creep
 O'er my drowsy lids, like a spell that's thrown
 By a loving hand from a world unknown—
 Would God! that *now* I could lay me down
 And sleep as sound a sleep!

Would God! I could drop away from this
 Dark coil of strife and pain,
 And enter my long-lost bower of bliss,
 And be a child again!
 To wake, to feel life's freshness lie
 Like dew on heart and brow,
 Cool, calm!—Oh, flower of paradise!
 Oh, Youth! what blessing beyond price,
 What boon from heaven art thou!

Oh, little room! I used to lie
 And watch, on nights like these,
 The great red-visaged moon climb high
 Above the ancient trees;—
 Climb high in the purple heaven and pour
 Broad floods of light below,
 Paler and paler, pure and clear,
 Till the lawns and grassy levels near
 Lay white as fields of snow.

And at dawn how pleasant to hear the brief
 Brisk swallow's chirp again:
 And the flapping and fluttering ivy leaf
 Tap, tap, on the window pane.
 To rise with the sun, to wander forth,
 Free-hearted, blithe and wild,
 And be wooed by the morning's rosy kiss—
 What rapture hath life more rare than this?
 Would God! I could enter my bower of bliss,
 And be again a child!

No more! no more! wild waves outspread
 My yearning footsteps hold,
 And wastes ne'er tracked by mortal tread
 My bower of bliss enfold;
 But hearts in pious pilgrimage,
 Flit past o'er land and sea,
 Like wandering birds, no skill can cage.—
 Oh! a stranger hath my heritage,
 But he'll ne'er be rid of me!

T. WESTWOOD.

BROWN AND JONES.

"Lord Palmerston said that Mr. Layard had indulged in what he must be permitted to call vulgar declamation against the aristocracy. Talk to him of the aristocracy! Why in the charge at Balaklava, Lord Cardigan (loud cheers), etc."

Debate, Monday, Feb. 19th.

VULGAR? How sad! But then he spoke
 Of vulgar, low, and common things,
 Such as with gay WAR TYLER joke,
 A Viscount to oblivion flings.
 Of common honor, common sense,
 Of common soldiers' wasted bones—
 And bored the Commons with defence
 Of common folks like BROWN and JONES.

He talked of armies doomed to die
 Through dull officials' want of thought;
 Your Lordship stated in reply,
 How nobly CARDIGAN had fought.
 That "points" of yours but rarely miss
 A docile House of Commons owns,
 But really logic such as this
 Would hardly do for BROWN and JONES.

Such audience as your Lordship finds
 Accept and cheer each jaunty flash,
 But vulgar and plebeian minds
 Regard it as evasive trash.
 'Twill hardly teach us to forget
 Who caused sad Balaklava's groans,
 And there's another matter yet
 That will occur to BROWN and JONES.

Three lords were mixed in that affair,
 LUCAN and RAGLAN blundered, both,
 The third, who showed a hero there,
 Did their joint bidding, greatly loath
 Two Lords were blunderers out of three,
 (One bee between a brace of drones),
 A chance of better odds you'd see
 In taking SMITH, and BROWN, and JONES.

But not at Lords he aimed his shot—
 You ne'er mistook what he was at:
 You talk some folly, but you're not
 Quite such a MALMESBURY as that.
 He spoke (unhappily he's young,
 And has to learn convention's tones),
 The words you'd hear from every tongue,
 If Lords could mix with BROWNS and JONES

He cursed our great State Lottery scheme,
 Whose prizes fall to Wealth and Rank,
 While Merit wages from patriot dream
 To find he draws a hopeless blank.
 He banned the System, where Routine
 Jobs, shuffles, bullies, shirks, postpones,
 Until its clumsy working's seen
 By those vulgarians, BROWN and JONES.

He told you, (*Punch* has said the same)
 JOHN BULL at many a fault will wink,
 But ruined armies, sullied name,
 And crushing taxes makes him—think.
 A vulgar hint—yet those who prize
 Honors whose fountains are but thrones,
 Should take it, lest, in coarser guise
 It come, some day, from BROWN and JONES.

—*Punch.*

1. *The Eclipse of Faith*. 5th Edition. London. 1854.
 2. *Phases of Faith*, 3rd Edition, with a reply to the *Eclipse of Faith*. By F. Newman. London. 1854.
- A Defence of the Eclipse of Faith*. 2nd Edition. London. 1854.

THE "Eclipse of Faith" having gone through five editions, in less than two years, is so generally known and appreciated, that it would be superfluous to recommend it to the notice of our readers. Moreover, its subjects are too vast and various to be properly discussed in a single article; and its arguments must lose force and illustration by the condensation needful in a summary abstract. Hence we should probably have passed over this work in silence, in spite of (and partly because of) its great merit, had it not been assailed with an asperity and unfairness that provoke us to give some account of the controversy which originated in its publication.

The author's main design is to apply Butler's great argument to some recent modifications of Deism. He has thrown his reasoning for the most part, into the form of dialogue; and we think that the Socratic weapons have never, since the time of Plato, been wielded with more grace and spirit. Various talkers are brought upon the stage, who state fairly the opinions of different Deistic schools, and are successively foiled by a sceptical friend who overthrows them in succession by the very objections they have urged against Christianity. This task is accomplished not only with great power of logic, but also with unusual liveliness of illustration, seasoned with a plentiful admixture of sarcastic humor; the latter being never intruded needlessly into the argument, but springing naturally out of it. The principal representative of Deism in the dialogue is a disciple of Mr. Francis Newman, whose writings are made to supply a large contribution to this species of entertainment. Their author has been persuaded by his friends to reply to his critic; and has published his answer in the second edition of his "Phases of Faith," a performance of which we must give a brief account, in order to render the sequel intelligible.

We must premise that Mr. F. Newman, like his more celebrated brother, is a disciple of the logic of difficulties. The former has been led to Deism, the latter to Romanism, by the same bias of understanding, differently modified in the two cases by a different moral constitution. Each brother alike is irresistibly impelled to reject creed after creed, as he discovers in each some difficulty which he cannot solve; but neither of them will acquiesce in the absolute scepticism which is the

only logical result of their principles. The elder, finding that the exercise of the understanding plunged him into the depths of Pyrrhonism, fled for refuge to the authority of an infallible church and renounced his private judgment altogether. The younger, by a similar exercise of arbitrary will, has checked his downward career for a time at the stage of Deism; whereof he has adopted a peculiar modification, which professes to retain the sentiment of religion without the form. He first expounded his present creed in a work upon "The Soul, and her Aspirations;" but the difficulties which induced him to abandon Christianity are set forth in the "Phases of Faith."

The form he has chosen for his argument is an autobiography, in which he gives the history of his religious experience, and describes the process by which he was led, year after year, to reject, bit by bit, the articles of his belief, casting away fragment after fragment till he had reduced himself to a state of spiritual nudity. There is something in the personal character of his narrative which gives an impression of reality and truthfulness to the book, and it thus creates a far more lively interest than could be won by a mere theological treatise. Mr. Newman's objections to Christianity are not original; but the manner in which they are marshalled in detachments, and brought against the successive positions taken up by his retreating faith, gives them an air of freshness and novelty. The principle which he assumes throughout is that his individual consciousness is the standard of religious truth. He agrees with those Greek philosophers who held that "MAN is the measure of all things; only that, in practice, he restricts MAN to Newman. His development of this idiosyncrasy for the benefit of the world has produced a pleasant mixture of theological argumentation with personal gossip; the whole being blended and harmonized by a neutral tint of egotistic naïveté which often reminds us of the "Confessions" of Rousseau. The taste of the performance also not seldom recalls that of the French autobiographer. For instance, it is usual in English writers to shrink from details of their domestic history and family feuds. Mr. Newman by discarding such scruples makes his book far more amusing than those of his predecessors. Thus he describes "a painful and injurious conflict" in which he was involved with "a superior kinsman" in his early youth; he gives the particulars of an "uneasy collision" with his brother at Oxford; he informs us that in consequence of theological differences the same relative at a later period "separated himself entirely from his private friendship and acquaintance."

The same reference of all truth to the

standard of his individual consciousness leads him to require in his critics a profound acquaintance with all his previous writings, before he will allow them to pass judgment on any of his conclusions. Such knowledge, he tells them, is as necessary as it would be for a reader of the 47th proposition of Euclid to be acquainted with the 41st. We cannot but feel this requisition rather severe from an author who has written so many books on such diverse subjects; including a "Treatise on Logic," "Lectures on Political Economy," "A History of the Hebrew Monarchy," "The Mathematical Theory of Parallels," "Lectures on Modern History," "The Soul and her Aspirations," "Horace in unrhymed Metres," "The Phases of Faith," "The Crimes of the House of Hapsburg," and several other works, which, we candidly own, we have not profoundly studied.

The same idiosyncrasy compels him to believe that views which satisfy his own mind must satisfy the minds of others; and that nothing which pleases his own palate ought to shock the taste or jar the feelings of his readers. Hence he unsuspectingly excites their disgust by sentiments and expressions which must appear to every one but himself the extreme of flippant irreverence. Nothing but the desire to show the frightful profanation at which those arrive who once enter upon this downward career, and by this means to convey a warning more forcible than any other we could devise, would induce us to quote examples of the offence. The following is the mode in which he thinks it becoming to speak of Saint John's testimony to the miracles of our Lord. "O that one could have the satisfaction of cross-examining John on this subject! Let me suppose him put into the witness-box, and I will speak to him thus: *O aged sir, we understand that you have two memories, a natural and a miraculous one.*" (*Phases*, 118.) It might have been thought difficult to surpass this specimen of revolting levity; yet the following comparison, by which Mr. Newman designs to prove the impropriety of attributing perfection to our Lord, is even more outrageous. "*If any one were to call my old schoolmaster, or my old parish priest, a perfect and universal model, and were to claim that I would entitle him Lord, and think of him as the only true revelation of God, should I not be at liberty to say, without disrespect, that I most emphatically deprecate such extravagant claims for him?*" (*Phases*, 147.) He that could thus write what no one can read without horror, must be so destitute of all moral tact, all delicacy of perception, and all refinement of taste, that we are not surprised to find him equally bereft of the imaginative and poetic faculty. This latter deficiency explains his painful want of

appreciation of some of the sublimer portions of Scripture, which might otherwise have been attributed to wanton coarseness.*

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, the "Phases" is calculated to impose upon a certain class of persons. The mind of its writer, though ingenious and versatile, seems unable to contemplate an object in more lights than one; hence his readers are not troubled with any nice weighing of evidence, nor with any hesitating balance of argument, but are carried smoothly forward to a seemingly inevitable conclusion. This makes the reasoning extremely seductive to shallow understandings, which have never grappled with the difficulties encompassing the great problems of religion. But Mr. Newman, though he has been "everything by turns," has been "nothing long;" and he will soon open his eyes to perceive new stumblingblocks. We believe him too honest to stop short at the point where he has now fixed himself; although the vanity of authorship must naturally make him loth to confess the untenable nature of the ground he has occupied, and must therefore tend to retard the farther development of his opinions. Meanwhile the "Eclipse" has applied a stimulating fomentation to the imposthume, which must make it burst the sooner.

Such applications, however, are seldom agreeable to the patient; and accordingly Mr. Newman has exhibited symptoms of extreme irritation under the treatment. We regret to add that, notwithstanding the courtesy with which he was personally treated in the "Eclipse of Faith," he has vented his spleen by indulging in the most unjustifiable imputations against his critic. No doubt it is mortifying to feel oneself worsted, especially before a large body of lookers on. And in this case the prostrate gladiator bitterly complains that all the reviewers sided with his antagonist, and cried "*habet*" at each telling blow. In return he vociferates anathemas against them, and replies to his opponent's argument by personal vituperation. Thus he speaks of him as one who "*desires to be thought a gentleman*" (*Phases*, 178); he charges him with "stealthy misrepresentation" and "gross garbling" (charges which Mr. Rogers has most triumphantly refuted in his Defence); he calls him "a profane dog" (p. 199); and tells him that "nothing but his own heart could have suggested the profane insults with which his book abounds;" that he seems to lack "not only spiritual insight, but honesty;" that he wraps a pagan heart in a Christian veil;" that he "scolds down and mocks at other men's piety;" and much more of the same description. This

* To estimate Mr. F. Newman's poetic power, it suffices to look at his version of Horace.

virulent explosion of wrath is oddly interspersed with exhortations to universal good will, deprecation of "personal antagonisms," and an admonition to the person assailed that he should "open his heart to love" (p. 200). So that, "as one contrasts," says the rejoinder, "Mr. Newman's loving injunctions with his invectives, one seems to be transported into a world where the usual symbols of emotion are all inverted, where men frown in pure benevolence, and gnash their teeth in loving-kindness and charity.

Mr. Newman also bitterly complains that his atheistical critics have treated him with far more tenderness than his Christian antagonists. He tells us that a Mr. Holyoake, "a serious atheist," has lectured on his book, and handled it with remarkable candor and leniency. "No doubt," rejoins Mr. Rogers, "Mr. Holyoake will regard such books with leniency. He well knows whither Mr. Newman's theory will lead, and what sort of converts it will ultimately make. The sportsman does not shoot his own pointer." We may add that Mr. Newman himself seems to entertain some suspicion that he is tending towards the same goal; for in the "Phases" he often speaks of Atheism with a lurking kindness. He has even invented a new application of the "non-natural sense" for the benefit of "serious atheists." He informs us that an atheist may say that the universe is "the work of God," because he may "use the word *God* as the unknown power dwelling in and forming the universe" (p. 198). This almost looks like preparing for transition into a new phase of faith—"if faith it can be called which faith is none."

But Mr. Newman's most frequent complaint against his opponent is, that he profanes the sacred topics of discussion by sarcasm and ridicule. Mr. Rogers replies as Pascal replied to the Jesuits, who brought against him the same accusation—"I am far enough from ridiculing sacred things, when I ridicule Mr. Newman's creed." He adds the following defence of the legitimate use of ridicule in the cause of religion.

"But will not the employment of ridicule against the opponents of Christianity lead them to use the same weapon?" I imagine some timid Christian to say. I answer,—And have they ever spared it, dear simple soul? Will your *not* using it prevent their *abusing* it? Will your throwing away the arrow prevent their transfixing you with theirs? Is not the shield of Christianity stuck full of those shafts? From Lucian to Voltaire, the whole literature of infidelity shows what sort of "reciprocity" forbearance is likely to meet with. . . . Though Shaftesbury was wrong in saying that ridicule was the test of truth, it is usually impossible for error long to stand against it. . . .

If you have, as you believe, truth on your side, you will do well and wisely not wholly to cast aside a weapon which has not been, and will not be, used the less against you for your rejecting it, and which truth always, in the nature of things, can wield more powerfully than error. As to the legitimacy of its occasional use against solemn "follies" or would-be sacred "impieties," read Pascal's immortal Eleventh Letter; if that does not convince you, I have nothing more to say."—*Defence*, p. 29.

These remarks are worth weighing by those good men who shrink from every touch of humor, as though it were the mark of a careless spirit or a flippant mind. No fallacy can well be falser. Earnest indignation vents itself in laughter as often as in tears. The true worshipper rudely strips off the robe of motley, which hides and debases the object of his adoration. The true Idoloclast, as Archdeacon Hare has said, shatters in pieces the idol which lowers and debases the divinity it pretends to embody; striking the more scornfully in proportion as he is more deeply possessed with a reverent love and homage for the profaned ideal. That this is the case with Mr. Rogers is abundantly evident from his writings. No impartial reader can study the "Eclipse" without feeling that its writer has himself gone through the trials of faith which he portrays, and he is thus the better qualified for guiding others to the haven which he has reached after contending with the storm. This is the task to which he has devoted himself with an earnestness of conviction that breathes through every word he utters. His whole soul is penetrated with a sense of the awfulness of those problems which man is constrained to contemplate, but which God alone can solve. Witness the following statement of them:—

"I want to know—whence I came? Whither I am going? Whether there be, in truth, as many say there is, a God—a tremendous Personality, to whose infinite faculties the "great" and the "little" (as we call them) equally vanish—whose universal existence fills all space, in every point of which he exists entire in the amplitude of all his infinite attributes—whose universal government extends even to *me* and my fellow-atoms called men; within whose sheltering embrace even I am not too mean for protection? Whether, if there be such a Being, he is truly infinite; or whether this vast machine of the universe my not have developed tendencies, or involved consequences, which eluded his forethought, and are *now* beyond even His control? Whether, for this reason, or for some other necessity, such infinite sorrows have been permitted to invade it? Whether, above all, He be propitious or hostile towards a world in which I feel too surely in the profound and various misery of man that His aspects are not *all* benignant? How if He be offended, he is to be reconciled? Whether he is at all accessible, or one to whom

the pleasures and the sufferings of the poor child of dust are equally subjects of horrible indifference? Whether, if such Omnipotent Being created the world, he has now abandoned it to be the sport of chance, and I am thus an orphan in the universe? Whether this "universal frame" be indeed without a mind, and we are in fact the only forms of conscious existence? Whether, as the Pantheist declares, the universe itself be God—ever making, never made—the product of an evolution of an infinite series of "antecedents" and "consequents;" a God of which—for I cannot say of whom—you and I are bits; perishable fragments of a Divinity, itself imperishable only because their will always be bits of it to perish? Whether, even upon some such supposition, this conscious existence of ours is to be renewed; and if so, under what conditions; or whether, when we have finished our little day, no other dawn is to break upon our night; whether the *vale*, *vale*, in *eternum vale*, is really the proper utterance of a broken heart, as it closes the sepulchre on the object of its love?"—*Eclipse*, pp. 59, 60.

The object of the "Eclipse" is to demonstrate the futility of the solution of these awful problems given by modern Deism, whereof Mr. Newman and Mr. Parker are taken as the chief representatives. Both agree in rejecting all external revelation, miraculously attested, as in itself impossible, and useless if it were possible; and they both substitute for Christianity an internal revelation derived from their intuitive consciousness. "Being conscious," says Mr. Newman, "that I have personally a little love and a little goodness, I ask concerning it as concerning intelligence, *where did I pick it up?* And I feel an invincible persuasion that, if I have some moral goodness, the great Author of my being has infinitely more. . . . Hence it is *from within* that we know the morality of God." On which we may remark, in passing, that it is strange the author of this reasoning did not see that he might, by exactly the same process, establish the reverse of his position. For he might equally have said, "Being conscious in myself of a little hatred and a little evil, I ask concerning it, *where did I pick it up?* And I feel an invincible persuasion that, if I have some moral evil, the great Author of my being has infinitely more. Hence it is from within that we know the immorality of God." If God is to be made the magnified reflection of man's moral nature, it is quite as philosophical to worship an omnipotent devil as a benevolent deity. In point of fact, mankind has practically adopted the former conclusion much oftener than the latter. The faculty of "spiritual insight," which is, according to Mr. Newman, man's only religious guide, has led its votaries into tracks diverging through all the points of the compass. It has created such divinities as Kali, the Goddess of the Thugs, and has seated incarnations of lust, envy, mur-

der, and every conceivable crime, in the miscellaneous crowd of its Pantheon. "This boasted faculty," says Mr. Rogers, most truly, "instead of being a glorious light which renders all external revelation superfluous, is one of the feeblest in our nature, which everywhere and always is seduced and debauched. It is not so with people's eyes; it is not so with people's appetites. No early instruction can make men think that green is blue, or stones and chalk good for food." Mr. Parker, indeed, says that he can find an "*absolute religion*" which animates every form of worship. Whereon Harrington (the sceptical interlocutor in the "Eclipse") observes:—

"If it be vain to attempt to abstract this absolute religion from all religions (as Mr. Parker admits), though it is truly in them—and if I take his definition from his "direct consciousness" (which direct consciousness we can see has been directly affected by his abjured Bible), namely, "that it is voluntary obedience to the will of God, outward and inward"—why, what on earth does this vague generality do for us? What sort of God? Is he or it one or many? Of infinite attributes or finite? Of Goodness and mercy equal to his power or not? What is his will? How is he to be worshipped? Have we offended him? Is he pleasurable or not? . . . It is true that man is immortal, and knows it by immediate "insight," as Mr. Parker contends; or does the said "insight," as Mr. Newman believes, tell us nothing about the matter? Surely the "Absolute Religion," after having removed from it all in which different religions differ, is in danger of vanishing into that imperfect susceptibility of some religion which I have already conceded, and which is certainly not such a thing as to render an external revelation very obviously superfluous. It may be summed up in one imperfect article. All men on each may say, "I believe there is some Being superior in some respects to man, whom it is my duty or my interest to" (*cætera desunt*).—*Eclipse*, p. 107.

Nor need we refer to barbarous nations or uncivilized epochs to prove the fallibility of the "immutable morality of insight." In modern times and in civilized countries there is a wide discordance among those who reject Christianity, not only on religious, but also on moral questions. On such points as pride, revenge, chastity and slavery, there is the strongest diversity of sentiment between Rousseau, Voltaire, Paine, Comte, George Sand, Mr. Parker, Mr. Carlyle, and Mr. Newman. Yet each of these writers has as fair a claim as any of the rest to consider his own "insight" infallible. Hence most men would conclude, as Socrates did of old, from similar phenomena, that an external revelation would be far from useless. Mr. Newman misrepresents this reasoning, and calls it "a dishonest defence of Christian pretensions to taunt the assailants with diversities in their creed," whereas the

argument was adduced not to prove the truth of Christianity, but to disprove the alleged infallibility of "spiritual insight," and to refute Mr. Newman's favorite proposition that a revelation must be useless.

But Mr. Newman had gone far beyond this. He had maintained that a revelation would not merely be useless, but prejudicial; and not merely prejudicial, but impossible. It would be prejudicial, in his opinion, because "dictatorial" instruction, or an "authoritative oracle," would "paralyze our moral powers" (p. 151), and "the guidance of a mind from without" would "benumb conscience by disuse" (p. 138). From this it would seem to follow that the employment of our moral powers (in Mr. Newman's opinion) is the investigation of truth: a strange confusion between the Moral and the Intellectual. It must also strike his readers as inconsistent that Mr. Newman, while thus protesting against "dictatorial" instruction in morality, contemptuously rejects the moral judgment of all the rest of mankind, whenever it differs from his own. Even those whom he acknowledges as the best specimens of humanity are pronounced "dishonest" or "prejudiced," if they cannot see through the spectacles of his individual consciousness. As to the alleged "benumbing of conscience" by submission to the guidance of an external revelation, it may be safely referred to experience. We may appeal from the *a priori* sentence of Mr. Newman to the history of Christendom. Where do we find sensitiveness of conscience—where a rigid rule of obligation—where a devoted sacrifice of interest to duty, except among the disciples of that faith which, according to Mr. Newman, benumbs and paralyzes the moral powers?

But modern Deists, as we have said, hold an external revelation (or, as they are fond of calling it, a *Book-revelation*) to be not merely useless and injurious, but impossible. God could not give such a manifestation of his will to man. "An authoritative external revelation of moral and spiritual truth is essentially impossible to man.* What God reveals to us he reveals *within*." (*Newman on the Soul*, p. 59.) From this proposition, by a chain of irresistible reasoning, Mr. Rogers deduces the conclusion

* Sceptics have recourse to sophisms like that of Hume, who denied the possibility of proving a miracle,—or like this of Mr. Newman, who denies the possibility of an external revelation,—to escape the necessity of meeting in its integrity the mass of direct evidence which proves beyond refutation that miracles were wrought and that an external revelation has been made. That they are compelled to rest their unbelief upon such *a priori* propositions as are rejected, after all, by the common sense of mankind, and upon partial cavils at arguments which they are unable to meet as a whole, is of itself to proclaim how untenable is their cause.

that Mr. Newman can do what God cannot do; for Mr. Newman has unquestionably given to his few disciples "an external revelation of moral and spiritual truth." In his "reply" Mr. Newman endeavors to evade the force of this logic by a distinction between the words "authoritative" and "instructive." He never denied, it seems, the possibility of an "instructive" revelation, but only of an "authoritative" revelation. To this Mr. Rogers rejoins as follows:—

"It appears that there is a convenient distinction to be made between what is morally and spiritually *instructive*, and what is morally and spiritually *authoritative*. I answer—in sound only, not in meaning. For to convince any one who believes in a God and moral and spiritual truth at all, of any moral and spiritual truth, is, *ipso facto*, to make it authoritative in the sense that it is felt it *ought* to have authority. He who knows what he means when he talks of *God* and his *claims*, *man* and his *duty*, will smile at the paradox of any moral or spiritual truth being proved him (no matter how or by whom), while yet it is considered optional with him whether he shall regard it as merely "instructive" and not "authoritative." . . . In admitting that books on spiritual and religious subjects may be instructive, Mr. Newman admits all that is essential to the argument. *Instructive!* yes, but if books be so instructive as to teach men who have no scruple in banqueting on their fellow-creatures, in strangling their new-born infants, in exposing their parents, that all these things are "abominations"—then in such *instruction* is shown plainly the possibility of an external revelation; it is to teach men to recognize doctrines which were before unrecognized; to realize truths of which they were before unconscious, and to practise duties which they had never suspected to be duties before. If this be so, then the argument returns,—that what man can do, God can surely do."—*Defence*, p. 89.

A favorite argument of Mr. Newman's to prove an external revelation impossible is, that such a revelation must appeal to the conscience in witness of its truth; and since it appeals to the verdict of man's moral faculties, it cannot authoritatively guide and direct those faculties themselves. The mistake involved in this fallacy is that commonplace metaphysical solecism which confounds *capacities* with *notions*. A reflecting telescope has a rusty, dented mirror; if it had no mirror at all, it would be useless to its owner, and, however correctly pointed to the starry heaven, would leave him ignorant of Jupiter's satellites and Saturn's ring to his dying day. *Therefore*, according to Mr. Newman's reasoning, it is impossible that any external operation should cleanse and polish the reflecting surface. Or, to take the illustration of the rejoinder:—

"There is some savage cannibal who is ready to devour his fellow men, or a creature who puts

his children out of the way with as little remorse as you would drown a kitten, devoutly worshipping at the same time a wooden thing which certainly is not the "likeness of anything in heaven above nor in the earth beneath," and so far does not infringe upon the Second Commandment.—Well, you naturally think his "moral and spiritual" perceptions somewhat out of sorts. The missionaries succeed in convincing him of his abominable errors, and in amending his practice. "Ah!" then, cries the savage, "it is true that you found me dining upon my neighbor, and quite ready to dine upon you, murdering my children, and living in all sorts of licentiousness and beastliness without compunction. Yet, let me tell you, Mr. Missionary, you could not have given me a "revelation" of all this error unless I had had faculties which could be educated to a perception of it; and I therefore conclude that an authoritative revelation of moral and spiritual truth is impossible!" What think you, would the missionary reply? I apprehend something like this:—"My good Mr. Savage, just as it is because you are a *reasonable* creature and not an *idiot*, that I can instruct you in anything, so it is because you had a spiritual faculty (though, as your sentiments and practices too plainly showed, in a very dormant state) that a revelation was *possible*—not *impossible*—my good friend. It was because your faculties were asleep, not dead, that I could awaken them; had you not had those faculties which, you so strangely say, render a revelation impossible, it would have been impossible: it was possible only because you had them!"—*Defence*, p. 83.

Connected with this doctrine of the "impossibility of an external revelation" is that of the "impossibility of an historical religion." No historical facts, such, for example, as the resurrection of our Lord, can, it seems, be a part of religion, because such facts are received by our understanding, not by our spiritual faculties; from without, not from within. "Of our moral and spiritual God," says Mr. Newman, "*we know nothing without, everything within. It is in the spirit we meet him, not in the communications of sense.*"* Mr. Rogers points out the inconsistency of this with Mr. Newman's admission that we do in fact receive our religion by external instruction. In his reply Mr. Newman attempts to meet the difficulty by a parallel. "Religion and mathematics," he says, "alike come to us by historical transmission, but are not believed *because of* that transmission; and no historical facts con-

cerning that transmission are any part of the science at all. Mathematics is concerned with relations of quantity; religion with the normal relations between divine and human nature; *that is all.*" To which Mr. Rogers rejoins that, even if this parallel were maintainable, it would not support the conclusion; for even in mathematics it would be untrue to say that we know everything within, and nothing from without. And farther, that the analogy is false, because religious truth is received on moral evidence, mathematical truth on demonstrative evidence. We may add, that, even according to Mr. Newman's admission, *some* historical truths are a part of religion; for it is a portion of his creed that "God created the world," and this is as strictly *historical* as the proposition that "Cæsar created the empire." If Mr. Newman's parallel were tenable, no religious belief could be contradicted without a contradiction in terms. Yet he will scarcely venture to maintain such a paradox as this, in face of the variety of religious sentiment among them. Mr. Rogers comments on the conclusion of the parallel as follows:—

"The close of the paragraph is exquisite: 'Mathematics is concerned with relations of quantities; religion with the normal relations between divine and human nature. *That is all.*'—All, indeed! and enough too. This is just the way in which Mr. Newman slurs over a difficulty with vague language. The moment we ask 'What are the relations of quantity?' all mankind are *agreed*. No one supposes that two and two make five. But when we ask what are 'the normal relations of divine and human nature?' I suppose the hubbub that will arise will distinctly show that the case is very different. Or are we to take Mr. Newman's theory of the said normal relations as infallibly true?"—*Defence*, p. 100.

In truth, this unfortunate parallel labors under a double defect: it rests on a false analogy, and would not help its author even if it were true. Although mathematical truth is seen by its own light, and submits itself to the human judgment, yet it by no means follows that therefore a "book-revelation" of mathematics must be useless. On the contrary, the mass of mankind depends, and always must depend, upon such "book-revelations." Ninety-nine men out of every hundred believe, and always will believe, mathematical truth on the authority of the few who are capable of its investigation. The Nautical Almanac and the Table of Logarithms are mathematical "book-revelations" to thousands who receive them on the same kind of evidence which induces Christians to receive the Bible.

This last consideration bears upon another fallacy of Mr. Newman's. "The poor and

* "Phases," p. 152 (1st edition). In the 2nd edition of the "Phases," these sentences are erased, without acknowledgment; on which the rejoinder remarks: "When an author is about to charge another with having *stealthily misrepresented* him, it is as well to let the world know *what* he has erased, and *why*. He says that my representation of his sentiments is 'the reverse of all that he has most carefully written.' It certainly is not the reverse of all that he has most carefully *scratched out*."

half-educated," he tells us, "cannot investigate historical and literary questions; therefore these questions cannot constitute an essential part of religion." How plausible this sounds on first statement; yet how easy to deduce from the same premises a proposition obviously false—for instance: "the half-educated navigator cannot investigate astronomical questions; therefore these questions cannot be an essential part of navigation." The answer in both cases is the same; namely, that the *investigations* are not an essential part either of practical religion or of practical navigation; but that, nevertheless, neither religion nor navigation can be practised, if the *results* of such investigations are discarded. Mr. Rogers, as usual, answers the difficulty by analogy, as follows:—

I believe that you will not deny you are profoundly ignorant of medicine, nor that, though the most necessary, it is at the same time the most difficult and uncertain of all the sciences. You know that the great bulk of mankind are as ignorant as yourself; nay, some affirm that physicians themselves are about as ignorant as their patients; it is certain that, in reference to many classes of disease, doctors take the most opposite views of the appropriate treatment, and even treat disease in general on principles diametrically opposed. A more miserable condition for an unhappy patient can hardly be imagined. Though our own life, or that of our dearest friend in the world, hangs in the balance, it is impossible for us to tell whether the art of the doctor will save or kill. I doubt, therefore, whether you ought not to conclude, from the principle on which we have already said so much, that God cannot have made it a poor wretch's duty to take any step whatever.

The absurdity is in the principle affirmed, viz. that God cannot have constituted it man's duty to act in cases of very imperfect knowledge; and yet we see that he has perpetually compelled him to do so; nay, often in a condition next door to stark ignorance. To vindicate the wisdom of such a constitution may be impossible; but the fact cannot be denied. The Christian admits the difficulty alike in relation to religion and to the affairs of this world. He believes with Butler, that "probability is the guide of life;" that man may have sufficient evidence in a thousand cases (varying, however, in different individuals), to warrant his action, though that evidence is very far removed from certitude; that similarly the mass of men are justified in saying that they *know* a thousand facts of history to be true, though they have never had the opportunity or capacity of thoroughly investigating them, and that the great facts of science are true, though they may know no more of science than of the geology of the moon.—*Eclipse*, p. 283.

But besides *a priori* arguments against the existence of revelation, Deists, both old and

new, have objected to its contents. There is nothing original in Mr. Newman's statement of these objections; but he puts them in a plausible form, and gives them additional force by detailing the gradual victory which they won over his own belief. His attacks are directed more especially against the *morality* both of the Old and New Testaments. As to the Old, he contends that it must be at once rejected; because it "attributes to God what we should call harsh, cruel, or unjust in man."* He instances the offering of Isaac, the extermination of the Canaanites, and the "perfidious murder" of Sisera. Now supposing, for the sake of argument, that Christianity represented all three of these proceedings as agreeable to the perfect will of God, is the Deist consistent in rejecting a creed which "attributes to God what we should call harsh, cruel, or unjust in man?" Can he apply the same criterion to the universe which he applies to the Bible; without denying it also to be the work of God? Let us hear the answer of the "Eclipse."

Mr. Newman has created a God after his own mind; if he could but have created a universe also after his own mind, we should doubtless have been relieved from all our perplexities. But unhappily we find in it, as I imagine, the very things which so startle Mr. Newman in the Scriptural representations of the Divine character and proceedings. Is he not peculiarly scandalized that God should have enjoined the extermination of the Canaanites; and yet does not God do still more startling things every day of our lives, and which appear less startling only because we are familiar with them? At least, if we believe that the elements, pestilence, famine, in a word, destruction in all its forms, really fulfil his bidding. Does not a pestilence or a famine send thousands of the guilty and the innocent alike—nay, thousands of those who know not their right hand from their left—to one common destruction? Does not God (if you suppose it his doing), swallow up whole cities by earthquakes, or overwhelm them with volcanic fires? I say, is there any difference between the cases, except that the victims are very rarely so wicked as the Canaanites are said to have been, and that God in the one case *himself* does the very things which he commissions men to do in the other? Now, if the thing be wrong, I, for one, shall never think it less wrong to do it oneself than to do it by proxy. Applying, there-

* Mr. Newman bases this proposition on another, viz: "No heaven-sent Bible can guarantee the veracity of God to a man who doubts that veracity;" because, he says, we cannot know God's veracity except by discerning that he has virtues like human virtues. To which we may reply by asking Mr. Newman if he seriously believes that any man ever existed so sceptical as to *refuse to believe a miraculous communication* because he doubted the veracity of God? Whereas, he knows there are thousands who doubt his decisions as to the *morality* of God.

fore, the principles of Mr. Newman, I must refuse to acknowledge such conduct on the part of the Divine Being, and to say, that such things are not done by Him. If I may trust my *whisper* of God derived from *analogous* moral qualities in myself, I must believe that an administration which so ruthlessly permits these things is not *his* work, but that his power, wisdom and goodness have been thwarted, baffled, and overmastered by some "omnipotent devil," to use Mr. Newman's expression; if it be his work, then that whisper of him cannot be trusted: the heathen was right, "*Sunt superius sua jura.*" In other words, I feel that I must become an Atheist, a Pantheist, a Manichean, or a sceptic.

If it be said that there may be reasons for such apparent violations of rectitude which we cannot fathom, I deny it not; but that is to acknowledge that the supposed maxims derived from the analogies of our own being are most deceptive as applied to the Supreme; it is to remit us to an act of absolute faith, by which, with no greater effort, nor so great, we may be reconciled to similar mysteries of the Bible.

If I am to yield to pretensions of any kind, I would infinitely prefer the yoke of the Bible to that of Messrs. Parker and Newman; for it is to nothing else but their dogmatism I must yield, if I admit that the difficulties which compel me to *doubt* in the one case are less than those which compel me to *doubt* in the other.—*Eclipse*, p. 130.*

Nothing can be clearer than this reasoning; yet Mr. Newman, in his "reply" tells his readers that his critic professes "an utter disbelief that God had any morality which conscience, judging freely, can approve;" and he constantly accuses him of worshipping an "*unmoral deity.*" Had such a misrepresentation of an argument so plain proceeded from any other writer, we must have been compelled to suppose it intentional; but in Mr. Newman's case we consider it only as a fresh example of that incapacity to see anything but what makes for his own side of an argument, which we have already noticed. We agree, however, with Mr. Rogers, that in the present instance this tendency was "aided by the unconscious instinct of self-preservation." Nor can we altogether regret a misrepresentation which has called forth the following powerful restatement of the argument:—

The evils God permits are as incomprehensible as those he inflicts. He smites a man with madness, and the maniac cuts the throats of his innocent wife and children. He gives a man an idiot for his son, and the idiot with a laugh burns down his father's dwelling. He permits a poor wretch to have a vicious, intemperate father, and he bears about with him for threescore years the miserable heritage of his father's vices. He lets some savage tyrant—nay, a succession of them

* It must be remembered that it is the sceptic who is presumed to speak in this passage, and who refutes Mr. Newman out of his own mouth.

—fill a whole country with groans and tears, and broken hearts, and curses.

Is not God good then, even in these things? Yes, I say; yes, with an unflinching faith; but I believe it, and cannot see it; these things are what we should call "harsh, cruel, and unjust in man," and are utterly incomprehensible to our "little wisdom" and "little goodness" and "little love;" just as His command to exterminate the Canaanites, though not so perplexing, nor a tenth part so perplexing, is also incomprehensible. But I believe that God is good in spite of these facts. Mr. Newman, on the other hand, says in effect, "I believe the last-mentioned fact incredible, because it contradicts my moral and spiritual convictions of what God would do. It attributes to God what would 'be harsh, cruel, and unjust in man;' and therefore I must reject it; the other facts I can see are quite consistent with all the said convictions." Try your hand on them, then, I say, and show it. Show that they would not be "harsh, cruel, and unjust in man."

What! God's command to Abraham more incomprehensible than many of the things He does and permits? It can only be because the objector does not give himself time to dwell adequately on the things that are done and suffered to be done by the Universal Ruler in all parts of the earth in all ages. I have heard one of the most benevolent physicians declare, as he has seen a patient wear out long years of agony in cancer,—agony which it was agony only to witness,—agony which was all remediless and all fruitless (as far as man could conceive), that he would have accepted with rapture a permission to put an end to the scene of sorrow; which it was infinitely more mysterious to him that God should suffer, than that he should have given the command to Abraham. But, at any rate, Mr. Newman must show the difference between the cases. If he says, "It is true, God may do such things Himself but he could not command Abraham to do them, because Abraham had a moral nature, so and so constituted," let Mr. Newman take heed; this would be a strange proof that God's moral nature was like that of Abraham (from which resemblance alone Abraham inferred what God was), that He could and might do the things which for that reason He could not commend Abraham to do. The reasons, then, which make certain facts of the universe conformable to Mr. Newman's intuitions, and certain facts of Scripture not conformable, must be given. That is all I ask. Instead of complying, Mr. Newman turns round and says, 'He perceives that I believe in an unmoral Deity!'—*Defence*, p. 44.

In another place Mr. Rogers states his creed to be that, while the prevailing characteristics of the universe indicate goodness in its author, yet that "these indications are so checkered as to admit of being blessedly confirmed by an external revelation." This opinion is stigmatized by Mr. Newman as "heart-deadening devil-worship." In the same book Mr. Newman cites Mrs. Beecher Stowe as an authority in matters of intuitive morality. He will

therefore probably be surprised by the subjoined extract from a letter of that lady lately published — a letter written to her sister with no controversial object, but giving the natural impressions of her mind as they arose, and reflecting on the shipwreck of the "Albion" packet, in language far stronger and less guarded than that of Mr. Rogers, as follows: —

What an infinite deal of misery results from man's helplessness and ignorance, and nature's inflexibility, in this one matter of crossing the ocean! What agonies of prayer there were during all the long hours that this ship was driving straight on to these fatal rocks, all to no purpose! It struck and crushed just the same. Surely, without the revelation of God in Jesus, who could believe in the Divine goodness? I do not wonder the old Greeks so often spoke of their gods as cruel, and believed the universe was governed by a remorseless and inexorable Fate. Who would come to any other conclusion, except from the pages of the Bible?—*Sunny Memories*, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, p. 12.

All these difficulties may of course be resolved into the permission of evil: that awful mystery which the profoundest intellects have always most humbly acknowledged to be utterly inscrutable. Mr. Newman, however, takes a different view of it, and by his mode of handling the subject reminds us of a provincial preacher whom we once heard delivering a sermon on the same topic. "The origin of evil," said this worthy divine, "is embarrassed by some difficulties; which I hope, in the course of my remarks this morning, to remove."

Before leaving the subject of the morality of the Old Testament, let us say a few words on the instances selected by Mr. Newman as irreconcilable with the primary intuitions of man's moral nature. First, these intuitions demonstrate to Mr. Newman that God could not possibly have commanded a father to sacrifice a son. In his opinion, the act of a parent who causes the death of his child, is necessarily condemned by the human conscience. But is this the fact? Is such the verdict of mankind on the act of Brutus in dooming his sons — the act of Virginius in stabbing his daughter — the act of the martyr Perpetua, who refused to spare the child in her bosom by throwing a few grains of incense on the altar of heathen gods? Have not these acts been pronounced, by the moral sense of many nations in many ages, to be examples of heroic virtue? Mr. Newman compares the obedience of Abraham to the conduct of those Punic parents who sacrificed their sons to Moloch. He forgets that it is the motive which makes the murder. The Punic sacrifice was purely selfish, to extort favors from adverse deities. The com-

pliance of Abraham, on the contrary, is represented in the scriptural narrative as an act of self-devoted obedience to the will of God. Mr. Newman mixes up with this moral problem the historical question *how* God's will could have been made known to Abraham: whether by "a voice in the air" (p. 91), or in what other way. This is quite immaterial, and need not trouble us. These narratives in the Old Testament have no other importance to Christians than the instruction which they convey, and the story of the offering of Isaac has impressed deeply on the human mind two lessons: first, the duty of sacrificing our dearest interests to the will of God: secondly, that not the material but the moral sacrifice is acceptable to the Almighty. Such doctrines will still be received as authoritative by millions of human consciences long after the cavils of Mr. Newman are forgotten.

Next we must contradict the assertion that Christians believe that "the Spirit of God pronounced Jael blessed for perfidiously murdering her husband's trusting friend" (p. 166.) Christians believe no such thing. In the first place, they do not believe that Jael was praised by the Spirit of God at all. She was praised in a poem of Deborah, of whom we only know that she was a "prophetess," and that she "judged Israel;" but we are never told that her song was "inspired;" much less that she was "infallible." Hence Christians are perfectly willing to let the act of Jael stand or fall by its own merits; and probably most people would allow that it was the savage deed of a barbarous woman. But to call it the "perfidious murder of a friend" is ridiculous; nor can Mr. Newman make it appear so, except by gross exaggeration. He says, "Sisera, when beaten in battle, fled to the tent of his friend Heber." Now the narrative contains not the least intimation that Sisera was a friend of Heber's. It tells us only that Heber's clan was at peace with Jabin, the master of Sisera. Heber, be it remembered, was himself almost an Israelite, being descended from Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses; he dwelt upon the Jewish border; and his wife was probably a Jewess. Sisera was a military tyrant, who had for many years most cruelly oppressed the Israelitish people.* At length the victims rise against their oppressor, much as the Swiss rose against Gesler. The tyrant is defeated, and flies for refuge to the tent of Jael. She feels towards him much as a matron on the borders of Uri would have felt to the brutal Austrian. Open resistance from a defenceless woman against an armed warrior was impossible; she had no alternative but to

* "The children of Israel cried unto the Lord; for Sisera had nine hundred chariots of iron, and twenty years he mightily oppressed the children of Israel."—*Judges* iv. 3.

entertain him as best she might; but no sooner is the bloodthirsty tyrant asleep than she crushes him with the first weapon that comes to hand, with the same impulse that we should crush a sleeping rattlesnake.

There remains the extermination of the Canaanites,* which shocks the moral sense of Mr. Newman, who yet can see nothing shocking in the fact that the God of Nature daily permits similar exterminations throughout the world, with reasons far less apparent. As to the question whether this is consistent with man's spiritual insight, we must refer Mr. Newman to the insight of Mr. Carlyle, who loudly advocates the "sweeping away" of such "Devil's regiments" as these Canaanites were, and maintains it to be the only proper course of dealing with them; and surely Mr. Newman's moral instinct is not more infallible than Mr. Carlyle's.

But how can we believe, it is asked, that God would reveal an imperfect morality? Why did he not raise the Israelites at once to the standard of Christianity, instead of lowering the standard of Judaism to their moral level? We answer by admitting that the question, like the origin of sin, is incapable of being answered. But this imperfect and gradual progress of mankind in moral light is a fact which the Deists themselves cannot controvert; nay, on which they dwell with peculiar emphasis. Thus Mr. Newman informs us that "the law of God's moral universe, as known to us, is *progress*. We trace it from old barbarism to the methodized Egyptian idolatry; to the more flexible polytheism of Syria and Greece; the poetical pantheism of philosophers; and the moral monotheism of a few sages." We are far from subscribing to this universality of progress; but, at all events, those who hold it testify that the progression, where there has been any, has been gradual, not instantaneous. This involves them in greater difficulties than the Christian; because, according to their theory, as Mr.

Rogers observes, the low morality of the world through so many ages and nations "is not a calamity, not a thing to be deplored, not the shadow of sin thrown across it, but the natural evolution, the spontaneous product, of creative energy and love." The Bible, far from originating this mystery, gives the only clue to its solution—tells us how it arose, how it is to be remedied—and assures us that all moral inequalities will at last be rectified by the righteous judgment of God.

In connection with this subject we must express our astonishment that Mr. Newman should say that he has found in the writers of the New Testament "no indication that they were aware" of the imperfection of the Mosaic dispensation in its moral teaching (p. 166.) This assertion is a fresh proof of the incapacity of this writer to see anything beyond the momentary exigencies of his argument. When he wrote it he must have forgotten that the Sermon on the Mount expressly admits the inferiority of the Mosaic morality: "Ye have heard that it hath been said *An eye for an eye, and a tooth for tooth* (Exodus xxi. 24;) but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil." He must have lost all recollection of the words wherein our Lord himself specifically declared that the ancient dispensation was adapted to a lower state of moral growth, when He forever established the indissoluble sanctity of Christian marriage. "Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives; but from the beginning it was not so; and I say unto you, whosoever shall put away his wife except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery." (Matt. xix. 8.) He must also have forgotten at least twenty passages in St. Paul's writings, together with the whole Epistle to the Hebrews, whereof the burden is the imperfection of the Mosaic covenant.

This leads us to the consideration of Mr. Newman's strictures on the morality of the New Testament. The faults for which he considers the moral teaching of the Apostles to be condemned by the spontaneous action of the immutable moral insight are two, namely, that it permitted slavery and that it encouraged selfishness. As to the first, he contends that the Apostles were blamable, because they did not everywhere proclaim the essential immorality of slavery. The answer is, in the first place, that they did preach those precepts which have been the only instruments of delivering the captive, and letting the oppressed go free.

Those simple words, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," involve ultimate and universal emancipation. "The great mass of abolitionists," says Mr. Rogers, "hate and loathe slavery on the express ground of its inconsistency with the maxims

* This was one of the objections urged by Lord Rochester, in his last illness, to Burnet; and the admirable answer of the Bishop, which satisfied the understanding of the dying penitent, will be amply sufficient for every rational inquirer. "For the destruction of the Canaanites by the Israelites, it is to be considered that if God had sent a plague among them, that could not have been found fault with. . . . So all the difficulty is, why were the Israelites commanded to execute a thing of such barbarity? But this will not seem so hard, if we consider that this was to be no precedent for future times, since they did not do it but upon special warrant and commission from heaven, evidenced to all the world by such mighty miracles as did plainly show that they were particularly designed by God to be the executioners of his justice. And God, by employing them in so severe a service, intended to possess them with great horror of idolatry, which was punished in so extreme a manner."
—Burnet's *Life of Rochester*.

of Christianity. A public clamor against it was never raised in any country not Christian." Secondly, we reply that, if the Apostles had preached as Mr. Newman would have had them, the direct tendency of their exhortations would have been to promote revolt among the slaves, and bring about another of those servile wars from the horrors of which Italy had scarcely recovered in the time of Paul. Thirdly, we deny that it is, *per se*, an immoral act under all circumstances to keep a slave. In the present day there is far less excuse for slavery than there was in the first century; yet even now it would be absurd to maintain, as Mr. Newman does, that the master of a slave is equally immoral with the violator of the seventh commandment. The *slave-merchant* stands on different grounds, and he is condemned in the New Testament by name, being classed by St. Paul with the foulest criminals (1 Tim. i. 10). Fourthly, we must again beg Mr. Newman to reconcile his infallible moral insight on this subject with the equally infallible moral insight of Mr. Carlyle, who has lately informed us that slavery is a highly laudable institution.

But further, Mr. Newman condemns Christianity as a system of selfishness. It teaches, he says, that man's first business must be to save his soul from future punishment, and to attain future happiness. He congratulates himself that he is now delivered from this selfish bondage. But at the same time he acknowledges, with great candor, that when he was a believer, Christianity "never really made him selfish—other influences of it were too powerful." Here he has unconsciously stumbled on the key of the enigma. True it is that the motives of which he speaks are used by Scripture to rouse men from apathy; and it is also true that in cold and unimaginative natures such motives may long remain predominant. But he who has made any progress in the Christian life, and has gained the dispositions of love and holiness, will find that he has insensibly lost in their acquirement the conscious recollection of the motives which may have led him originally to seek them.—He can no longer realize the time when he wished to serve God merely for the sake of benefits thence derivable to himself. He feels that he does right because it is right—that he loves duty because it is duty—without reference to the consequences. His conduct would be unaltered even if it could be revealed to him that death would be annihilation, or the future of the sensual and the cruel as happy as that of the pure and good; for those tempers and dispositions, that communion with a Master unseen but loved, which once he only valued as a condition of gaining something else, he now prizes for their own sake. This, indeed, is the inevitable result of that law of

human nature which metaphysicians describe, whereby the *secondary* are transformed into the *primary* desires. Yet we need not appeal to metaphysics to refute this fallacy of unbelief. The common sense of mankind will tell us who have been the most unselfish men, Christians or heathens, believers or infidels.—Paul working with his hands to preach the Gospel freely, or Rousseau abandoning his children at the door of a foundling hospital.

No, it is not Christianity that makes men selfish, Mr. Newman himself being the witness. He tells us, indeed, that when he was a Christian he felt it his first business to save his soul from future punishment. Yet even then, while still under the bondage of the Law, and looking on the Gospel as a system of pains and penalties—even then his faith led him to encounter the perils of a missionary life, that he might carry the light of truth, as he at that time thought it, to the heathen. If he did this solely with a selfish view to his personal salvation, yet at any rate he sought this selfish end by unselfish means, and risked his life for the welfare of his brethren. What worthier end does he accomplish since he has become an unbeliever? Is it not as philanthropic a task to distribute the New Testament in Persia as to translate Horace into unrhymed metre in England?

Not, however, on any individual case, but on universal observation and experience, depends the conclusion that the zeal of men to promote the good of their fellows is directly proportionate to the intensity of their faith in Christ. From the highest aims of philanthropy, no less than from the severest standard of morality, they invariably decline when they forsake the Gospel. Virtues which they had cultivated in their better days are abandoned as needless; vices which they had abhorred, gradually become excusable, indifferent, or pleasing; chastity and meekness are repudiated as ascetic folly; revenge and pride are applauded as the characteristics of manhood.*

* The virtuousness of revenge has lately been maintained by the leader of the most popular school of infidelity in England, in his "*latter-day pamphlets*." Mr. Newman himself celebrates it as one of the results of his emancipation from the Christian yoke, that he can now indulge in pride without compunction.—("Phases," 136.) It is true that the pride he vindicates is pride in "the worldly greatness of England." But, in itself, this national pride (which is quite distinct from patriotism) has its root in selfish vanity. As Blanco White observed, when men talk proudly of "we English," the emphasis is on the "we," not on the "English." If any one wishes for a farther illustration of the moral deterioration resulting from the rejection of Christianity, let him read Eugene Sue's seven novels on the "seven deadly sins," which are written to demonstrate that all these sins are most excellent qualities, only liable to abuse when not well guided.

One of the ablest religious writers of the last century, Mr. Cecil, used to say that, if a serious and moral man were to reject Christianity and publish his reasons for so doing, it would be a trial far more dangerous to the faith of England than all the sneers of Voltaire and the sentimentality of Rousseau. His foreboding has been realized in our own times; yet the sorrow with which he contemplated its possibility would have been mitigated had he foreseen that the moral deterioration of those who forsook the Gospel would neutralize the intellectual influence of their example, and supply a fresh argument in favor of their abandoned faith.

Most persons will probably think that he has unconsciously furnished such an argument by his attack on the character of Christ.* After transcribing some of the expressions he has applied to the Saviour, we felt that further to illustrate the offence was almost to repeat it, and we forbear to inflict passages upon our readers which cannot even be glanced at without a shudder. Mr. Newman, who once shared the reverential convictions he now insults, ought to be aware what a deep outrage he is committing upon the most cherished sentiments of mankind; and if he has grown callous himself, we might at least demand that he should have some respect for the sacred feelings of others. When we read the language in which he speaks of our Lord, we cannot avoid the conclusion that as he professes to derive his idea of the moral qualities of God from his own virtues, so he has unwittingly clad with his own defects the spotless sanctity which he reviles. Well does his critic remark that "a man may shoot his arrow with exact perpendicularity over his own head. It smites the impassive air and does no harm to that; but the missile, descending according to the law of gravity, with the exact force wherewith it was projected, may smite full sore the unhappy archer himself." Mr. Rogers has given a detailed refutation of Mr. Newman's blasphemies. But it was a supererogatory task. There are some weapons which only wound their owner; some blows which strengthen what they are meant to crush. No happier antidote could have been furnished to Mr. Newman's assault on Scripture than his suicidal chapter on the moral imperfection of Christ. Yet the concluding remarks of Mr. Rogers are so beautiful that we cannot forbear to quote them:—

"And now what, after all, does the carping criticism of this chapter amount to? Little as it is in itself, it absolutely vanishes; it is felt that the Christ thus portrayed *cannot* be the right interpretation of the history; in the face of all those

glorious scenes with which the evangelical narrative abounds, but of which there is here an entire oblivion. But humanity will not forget them; men still wonder at the "gracious words which proceeded out of Christ's mouth," and persist in saying "never man spake like this man." The brightness of the brightest names pales and wanes before the radiance which shines from the person of Christ. The scenes at the tomb of Lazarus, at the gate of Nain, in the happy family at Bethany, in the "upper room" where He instituted the feast which should for ever consecrate His memory, and bequeathed to His disciples the legacy of His love; the scenes in the garden of Gethsemane, on the summit of Calvary, and at the sepulchre; the sweet remembrance of the patience with which he bore wrong, the gentleness with which he rebuked it, and the love with which He forgave it; the thousand acts of benign condescension by which He well earned for Himself, from self-righteous pride and censorious hypocrisy, the name of the "friend of publicans and sinners;" these, and a hundred things more, which crowd those concise memorials of love and sorrow with such prodigality of beauty and of pathos, will still continue to charm and attract the soul of humanity, and on these the highest genius, as well as the humblest mediocrity, will love to dwell. These things lisp infancy loves to hear on its mother's knees, and over them age, with its gray locks, bends in devoutest reverence. No; before the infidel can prevent the influence of these compositions, he must get rid of the Gospels themselves, or he must supplant them by *fictions* yet more wonderful! Ah! what bitter irony has involuntarily escaped me! But if the last be impossible, at least the Gospels must cease to exist before infidelity can succeed. Yes, before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they have ever done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Saviour welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears; they must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent, who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty sufferer, detected at last the monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be "remembered by Him when He came into his kingdom;" they must blot out the scene in which the demons sat listening at His feet, and "in their right mind;" they must blot out the remembrance of the tears which He shed at the grave of Lazarus—not surely for him whom He was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity—for the myriad myriads of desolate mourners, who could not, with Mary, fly to him and say, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my mother, brother, sister, had not died!" they must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us, not only as the proof of His mission, and guarantees of the truth of His doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of His character and are types of the spiritual cures His Gospel can yet perform; they must blot out the scenes of the sepulchre, where love and veneration lingered, and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time—the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms and

* "Phases," chap. vii.

bright with the presence of Him "who brought life and immortality to light;" they must blot out the scene where deep and grateful love wept so passionately, and found Him unbidden at her side, type of ten thousand times ten thousand, who have "sought the grave to weep there," and found joy and consolation in Him "whom, though unseen, they loved;" they must blot out the discourses in which He took leave of His disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many departing souls with patience and with triumph; they must blot out the yet sublimer words in which He declares Himself "the resurrection and the life"—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with child-like trust, and to believe, as the gate of death closed behind them, that they would see Him who is invested with the "keys of the invisible world," "who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens," letting in through the portal which leads to immortality the radiance of the skies; they must blot out, they must destroy these and a thousand other such things, before they can prevent Him having the pre-eminence who loved, because He loved us, to call Himself the "Son of Man" though angels called him the "Son of God."

"It is in vain to tell men it is an illusion. If it be an illusion, every variety of experiment proves it to be inveterate, and it will not be dissipated by a million of Strausses and Newmans! *Probatum est*. At His feet guilty humanity, of diverse races and nations for eighteen hundred years, has come to pour forth in faith and love its sorrows, and finds there "the peace which the world can neither give nor take away." Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found, and will find, repose there, and have invested Him with veneration, love, and gratitude, which will never, never be paid to any other name than His."—*Defence*, pp. 141-144.

On the points hitherto mentioned, Mr. Rogers overwhelms his antagonist with a vigor and cogency of argument admitting of no reply. But there is one important topic of the "Phases" which is less successfully met in the "Eclipse." Mr. Newman dwells much upon the historical, geological, and exegetical mistakes which he supposes to be found in Scripture, and describes the process by which he was himself led to unbelief through his discovery that, in such points the Bible was not infallible. He relates how at this period he was stopped in his descent for a time by a conversation with Dr. Arnold, who, while allowing Scripture to be fallible in human science, maintained its infallibility in moral and spiritual truth. Subsequently, however, Mr. Newman found a difficulty in drawing any line which should accurately separate the domain of science from that of religion, and he was thus led to reject the Bible altogether. In the present day this is a very common road to unbelief. The difficulty may be encountered in two ways: either by denying the existence

of any mistakes in Scripture; or by maintaining, with Neander, Tholuck, and Arnold, that the occurrence of such mistakes does not detract from the religious inspiration of the writers. The former is the view taken by Mr. Rogers. He contends, in entire agreement with Mr. Newman, that a distinction between the Divine and human contents of Scripture is impossible,—that historical inaccuracy cannot coexist with religious infallibility. "Men will think it strange," he says, "that Divine aid should not have gone a little farther, and, since the destined revelation was to be embedded in history illustrated by imagination, enforced by argument, and expressed in human language, its authors should have been left liable to destroy the substance by perpetual blunders as to the form." Hence he concludes that, textual and transcriptional errors excepted, the whole of Scripture is infallibly accurate, and that all its writers were miraculously preserved from the possibility of error, whether, physiological, geological, astronomical, historical, or exegetical.

The argument relied on, it must be observed, is here entirely *a priori*. "Men would expect that a revelation should be infallible in all respects; it would be desirable that it should be so; it would involve us in great perplexities if it were not so." Yet surely in a matter of this kind it is our duty to investigate the facts before we lay down so peremptory a conclusion. Having the most cogent reasons for believing the Bible to be a revelation from God, we should carefully examine what its construction and character actually is, and not permit ourselves to decide dogmatically what it ought to have been. If we find that there are historical discrepancies and scientific inaccuracies in the canonical books, it is vain to say that their occurrence is perplexing, and it is worse than vain to explain them away, as some commentators have done, by subterfuge and evasion. We will not venture dogmatically to assert, in contradiction to the opinion of Mr. Rogers, that the apparent mistakes in Scripture are absolutely incapable of such an explanation as would vindicate them from the charge of error; but it is certain that those who have devoted the most patient investigation to exegetical study are the most thoroughly convinced that there are some cases which do not admit of such a possibility. This is now so generally admitted, that it is acknowledged even in the standard educational works of orthodox divinity. For example, in the edition of the Greek Testament published for collegiate use by Mr. Alford, whom no one will accuse of want of reverence for the Bible, or the articles of our most holy faith, there occurs the following sentence: "In the last apology of Stephen, which he spoke being full of the Holy Ghost, and

with Divine influence beaming from his countenance, we have, *at least, two demonstrable historical mistakes*; and the occurrence of similar ones in the Gospels does not in any way affect the inspiration or the veracity of the Evangelists." (*Alford's Testament*, vol. i., *Prolegomena*.) Nor have Mr. Alford's most orthodox reviewers excepted against this statement. Such being the case, it is surely very dangerous to maintain that *historical infallibility* is essential to the inspiration of the Scriptural writers. This belief, if unfounded, exposes the faith of its votaries to tremble at every German commentary, every scientific treatise, and every fresh discovery of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and it is but too likely to bring them to the conclusion which Mr. Newman draws from the same premises.

Moreover the Apostles themselves do not lead us to suppose them infallible in matters of human knowledge. They speak of themselves as "earthen vessels," though employed to contain a heavenly treasure. They call themselves "ambassadors" charged with a message from God; and in the case of ambassadors from an earthly sovereign, the credentials would not be invalidated, nor the substantial accuracy of the communication rendered doubtful, by mistakes on details irrelevant to the substance of their commission. Even looking at the question *a priori*, we see no reason why men should have expected a revelation of moral and spiritual truth to supersede the researches of history, or to anticipate the discoveries of science. Nay, as a fact, the heathen philosopher who most earnestly desired such a revelation expressly guards against such expectations. He tells his disciples to expect no revelation from heaven concerning matters open to human investigation, while at the same time he encourages them to hope for Divine communications on subjects beyond the scope of man's discovery.*

But it is impracticable,† it may be said, to

* The expressions of Socrates on this subject are very remarkable:—*Δαίμονι ἐφη τοὺς μαντευομένους ἂ τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ἰδῶκαν οἱ θεοὶ μαθεῖν διακρίνειν· οὐκ ἔστιν ἀριθμήσαντας ἢ στήσαντας εἰδέναι· τοὺς τὰ τοιαῦτα παρὰ τῶν θεῶν πυνθανομένους ὑψίστατα ποιεῖν ἡγήετο· ἐφη δὲ δεῖν, ἂ μὲν μαθήνας ποιεῖν ἰδῶκαν οἱ θεοὶ μανθάνειν· ἂ δὲ μὴ δῖλο τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ἐστὶ, περὶσθαι παρὰ τῶν θεῶν πυνθάνεσθαι.*—*Memorabilia Socratica*, l. 1.

† As a proof of this impracticability, Mr. Newman supposes physiological researches to have thrown a doubt on the descent of all men from Adam. And "if all are not descended from Adam, what becomes of St. Paul's parallel between the first and second Adam, and the doctrine of headship and atonement founded on it?" To which it may be replied, that, even if all mankind had not descended from a single pair, the truths laid down by St. Paul in the passage referred to would be

distinguish in Scripture between spiritual and scientific, between moral and historical truth. It is easy for hostile minds to conjure up hypothetical difficulties, but religion was given for the practical use of man, and no doctrine necessary to salvation, no precept conducive to holiness, will ever be jeopardized by this palpable distinction. Admitting, nevertheless, that wherever we draw the line of demarcation, there will be some doubt as to a few comparatively unimportant positions on the border territories, is not this, we may ask, the necessary condition of all our moral and religious knowledge? Is there not abundant difference of opinion on religious truth, even among those who agree in the universal infallibility of Scripture? The same restless discontent at any shadow of uncertainty which leads men to demand scientific and historical infallibility leads them also to require an infallible interpreter of Scripture. Hence they have set up the Pope as the living voice of God. But even this is insufficient; for a Papal bull is not authoritative without the fulfilment of many complicated conditions, so that no private Romanist can be sure whether any particular bull is valid or not. Thus nothing could satisfy this craving for religious certainty but a perpetual oracle, whose answers should be daily issued and visibly printed in the sky. Such is not the method by which the will of God is made known to man. "We walk by faith, not by sight;" "Having not seen, we love:" these are the mottoes of Christian experience. Doubt transmuted into trust is an essential element in the perfection of soul.

In this, as in other points, to demand absolute certainty must conduct us to absolute scepticism. A Pyrrhonian suspension of belief is the only position tenable by the understanding which demands a creed without a difficulty. Though on the single point of historical infallibility Mr. Rogers has, we venture to think, lost sight of this cardinal truth, yet no one has ever stated it more forcibly or applied it more ably than he. Witness the following passage:—

"At last, after much discussion in this and preceding ages, the world, I think and hope, is

untouched; for when he speaks of all men as *dead in Adam*, he is speaking of Adam as the representative of human nature in its natural and fallen state. Human corruption is a fact, and involves the necessity of an atonement. It would be well, however, to warn Mr. Newman's readers not to take his scientific assertions for granted. They are at the least as fallible as he supposes those of the Apostles to be. For example, in the present case it is not true that scientific research has led philosophers to disbelieve the descent of mankind from a single stock; it has, on the contrary, established the extreme probability of such a descent.

beginn
to disc
tem, to
jection
Atheis
of Dei
there i
the sa
is not
glad to
perfect
of the
have s
the ad
difficu
other.

"E
ries, i
none
in me
not ca
may l
whate
the c
great
and t

of the
self e
for y
boldl
time
and t
the o
do n
the t
cases
honest
done
neith
feels

V
Chr
indi
turn
app
mon
tem
suc
cipi
clai
oth
oth
No
be
fro

beginning to comprehend that it is not sufficient to discredit Christianity, or indeed any other system, to propound plausible or even *insoluble* objections; since it is a sort of weapon by which Atheism, Pantheism, and the half-score systems of Deism may be alike easily foiled. And if there is any theory of religion which is not in the same predicament as Christianity, nay, which is not exposed to yet *greater* objections, I shall be glad to be informed of it; I can only say, it is a perfect novelty to me. Certainly it is not any of the theories of Deism, the varieties of which have sprung out of the very eagerness with which the advocates of each have sought to evade the difficulties which press the abettors of every other.

"Encompassed on all sides by impassable barriers, in whatever direction we speculate—and in none by loftier or more solid walls of rock than in metaphysical or moral philosophy—we are not called upon to answer every objection which may be made to our tenets, for that is impossible, whatever the hypothesis that may be adopted:—the only *real* question is, on which side the greatest weight of positive evidence is found, and the least weight of opposing objections.

To any such objections—the *substantial point of the evidence remaining*—the Christian feels himself entitled to say, "Stand by; I cannot stop for you." In relation to many of them he may boldly say, when called to solve them, "I cannot; time may solve them, I see it *has* solved many; and these, like those, may then be transferred to the other side of the account; but even now they do not materially affect the columns which give the total." And, in my judgment, it is in many cases not only wise to say this, but the only honest course. Much mischief has often been done by pretending to give a solution, which neither he who gives, nor he who demands it, feels to be sufficient."—*Defence*, p. 178.

We may add that to all such objections the Christian possesses an *anti-syllogism*, in the indisputable proposition that Christianity does turn bad men into good, and is the only approximate cure hitherto discovered for the moral pestilence which desolates humanity. If tempted to leave his Master, because of any such stumbling-blocks in his path, the disciple has still the same reason as of old to exclaim "Lord, to whom shall we go?" No other refuge is open to the doubting soul. No other teaching calms the wounded conscience. No other ray of light falls from the clouded heavens to pierce the veil which hides us from the Father of our spirits.

In conclusion we will venture to express our hope that, in another edition, the "*Defence*" of the "*Eclipse of Faith*" may be made in some respects more worthy of its predecessor. Its author informs us that it was written in great haste, and it bears the marks of this throughout. Not that it lacks either vigorous argument or keen sarcasm. On the contrary, it is in these respects perhaps even more powerful than the former work; but it bears traces of having been struck off at a single heat, with a conversational carelessness of style, and a colloquial use of derisive epithets, which occasionally overleaps the bounds of good taste. It has too much the air of *chucking* over a prostrate foe. We earnestly trust that these blemishes will be removed in a future edition, for at present they are likely to create a prejudice against the substance of a most valuable book by the offence that may be taken at the form.* In all the higher departments of the argument Mr. Newman writhes in the grasp of his antagonist as helplessly as a pigmy in the gripe of a giant, and for that very reason everything like contortion and grimace should be left by the victorious to the vanquished combatant.

Finally, let us thank Mr. Rogers for the addition he has made to the philosophical literature of England, and to the defensive armory of Christendom; and still more for his promise to deal with Pantheism as he has already dealt with Deism. We trust that he may be spared to redeem this pledge in the amplest manner, and also to recast his present work by omitting those ephemeral topics which might hinder its permanent appreciation. If he lives to accomplish our expectations, we feel little doubt that his name will share with those of Butler and of Pascal in the gratitude and veneration of posterity.

* As a specimen of our meaning, we may mention the frequent occurrence of such epithets (used derisively) as "pleasant," "worthy," "queer," etc. Also such expressions as "*gobble* up," "artful dodge," "I see a thing or two," "the missionaries (*worthy souls*);" and more especially the application of such terms as "*chucked*," "bakes, boils, and fries," and "crunches like a lion," to describe the acts of the Deity. These blemishes might all be removed by drawing the pen through a dozen lines. We would suggest also that it would be desirable to incorporate the "*Defence*" and the "*Eclipse*" into a single volume.

Puerperal Fever, as a Private Pestilence. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Harvard University. Ticknor & Fields: Boston.

Nothing can happen out of the track of the "Living Age;" but we should hardly have read this pamphlet, although sure of wit and wisdom in every page by Dr. Holmes, had not a friend at a distance, desired us to buy a copy for him, and before sending it to read "how he pitches into Drs. — and —." Certainly it is well worth reading, even by an unprofessional man or woman, for its style and manner only. But the matter is of such terrible importance — proving that, in many series of cases, the disease has been carried from one patient to another — that it becomes husbands, as well as physicians, to know what is here revealed. We copy a few passages:

"For my own part, I had rather rescue one mother from being poisoned by her attendant, than claim to have saved forty out of fifty patients to whom I had carried the disease." p. 6.

"It covers every inch of ground with a mass of evidence which I conceive a Committee of Husbands, who can count coincidences and draw conclusions as well as a Synod of Accoucheurs, would justly consider as affording ample reasons for an unceremonious dismissal of a practitioner (if it is conceivable that such a step could be waited for), after five or six funerals had marked the path of his daily visits, while other practitioners were not thus escorted." p. 7.

"Medical students . . . have not learned that error is got out of the minds that cherish it, as the tænia is removed from the body, one joint or a few joints at a time, for the most part, rarely the whole evil at once. . . . They are babes in knowledge, not yet able to tell the breast from the bottle, pumping away for the milk of truth at all that offers, were it nothing better than a Professor's shrivelled fore-finger. . . . No mother's mark is more permanent than the mental naevi and moles and excrescences and mutilations that students carry away with them out of the lecture-

room, if once the teeming intellect which nourishes theirs has been scared from its propriety by any misshapen fantasy." p. 8.

"A physician who talks about ceremony, and gratitude, and services rendered, and the treatment he got, surely forgets himself; it is impossible that he should seriously think of these small matters when there is even a question whether he may not carry disease, and death, and bereavement into any one of 'his families,' as they are sometimes called." p. 13.

"Dr. — has elsewhere invoked 'Providence' as the alternative of accident, to account for the 'coincidences.' If so, Providence either acts through the agency of secondary causes, or not. If through such causes, let us find out what they are, as we try to do in other cases. It may be true that offences, or diseases, will come, but 'woe unto him through whom they come,' if we catch him in the voluntary or careless act of bringing them! But if Providence does not act through secondary causes in this particular sphere of actiology, then why does Dr. — take so much pains to reason so extensively about the laws of contagion, which, on that supposition, have no more to do with this case than with the plague that destroyed the people after David had numbered them? Above all, what becomes of the theological aspect of the question, when he asserts that a practitioner was 'only unlucky' in meeting with the epidemic cases? We do not deny that the God of battles decides the fate of nations; but we like to have the biggest squadrons on our side, and we are particular that our soldiers should not only say their prayers, but also keep their powder dry. We do not deny the agency of Providence in the disaster at Norwalk, but we turn off the engineer, and charge the Company \$5,000 apiece for every life that is sacrificed. Why a grand-jury should not bring in a bill against a physician who switches off a score of women one after the other along his private track, where he knows there is a black gulf at the end of it, down which they are to plunge, while the great highway is clear, is more than I can answer. It is not by laying the open draw to Providence that he is to escape the charge of manslaughter." pp. 21, 22.

FEMALE MEDICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY. We have received a copy of the sixth annual report of this association. It represents the affairs of the society to be in a flourishing condition, and its tendency to be ever towards an enlarged sphere of usefulness. It states that above one hundred pupils who have been connected with the college, are now widely scattered throughout the New England and the neighboring States, mostly engaged in those departments of medical practice relating to their own sex. The Legis-

lature of 1854 passed an act granting an annuity of \$1000 per year for five years to the society, in return for the privilege of forty State scholarships. This grant, it is stated, instead of diminishing the call for funds, will by extending the operations of the institution, rather increase the necessity of more funds, to provide a building, library and additional apparatus. At the commencement of the present year twenty-eight students attended the lectures.—*Journal.*

From *Tait's Magazine*.RETROSPECTIONS OF A REVERIST; OR,
HOW I HAVE LIVED AND LOVED.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

I.

I AM very much given to waking dreams, and especially in the autumn of the year, when—

At this point I cannot help hesitating, because I know well I am going to put down the very last thing any one would think of. I was not about to speak of the embrowned foliage on the trees, nor of the strange, melancholy music of the winds that scatter the leaves and moan at your window, nor of that mysterious influence which the declining season sheds over most minds—perhaps all minds, after their degree and their kind, the costermonger's as well as the poet's. I do not think the autumnal months have any feature which moves me more distinctly and powerfully than the flowering of the major convolvulus, and that is what I was near mentioning when I spoke of my tendency to day-dreaming.

My dreams are chiefly of the past. I am not at all a castle-builder. It is possible that the Autumn may dispose me to reproduce in reveries what is over and gone; but I am sure that the flower I have named is the lamp she brings me, wherewith to explore the chambers of the past. I do not understand this: I merely say, because it is true, that there is some mysterious link between this large purple-blue flower, of gracefulest shape, and my tendency to reverie. Of course, I cultivate it, and one of my first concerns, after rising in the morning, is to see how many of the flowers are out. Afterwards, before the noon has curled up the beautiful cup, I cut off one or two, and preserve them in water in the shade.

But, in strictness, all this about my flower—and there is one now before me in a little white vase which shows off the color—is a digression. What I was really concerned to say was, that being given to reverie, to thinking over my past history, and being also in the habit of writing down what passes through my mind, I have more than once determined on putting my recollections into ship-shape, and seeing what sort of a narrative they would make. More than once: but though I am not a very dilatory fellow, you know, and ordinarily succeed in carrying out a resolution without being forced to go through the ceremony of opening a vein and awfully writing it out large on my tablets—I have never been able to get further than the title-page and the first sentence or two:

"TOMPKINS:

AN

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAP. I.

"I was born late on a Christmas Eve, and heard the waits with my first breath, to which

circumstance is no doubt to be attributed my ineradicable partiality for Christmas Carols.—You may judge that my arrival threw the little household (for it was a very little household) into extreme confusion, and defrauded my mother of her share of the pudding next day; though, as I have heard her say she dined on gingerbread after her wedding, that probably did not trouble her. Now, gingerbread for a wedding dinner

* * * * *

—"The rest is silence." All the attempts I have made have not been exactly like this, which is only a specimen; but they have been similar, and in every case, the break-down has been conclusive.

I never took pains to analyze the causes of my failure; but I named the matter confidentially to a friend who, being as much given to reverie as myself, might, I thought, throw some light upon the subject. But he only puffed his cigar abstractedly, and shook his head. The other morning, however, brought me this letter from him. He had "run down to the sea-side" for a few days:—

"Torquay, August—, 18—

MY DEAR FELLOW,—Eureka! The sea-side is the place for finding things out. It is my opinion that the waves know everything, and say it too. On the 'haunted shore,' rather late this evening, I learned the reason you can't do that autobiography. It came into my head all of a sudden. Can you grasp a bubble? No! Can you bottle the real perfume of the lily? No! Can you recollect your meteorology when you are lying under a tree and looking up at the clouds through the boughs? You can't! Now, the recollections of your past life which visit you in your day-dreams are many of them not of a character to be conveniently labelled and assorted with such facts as you must introduce for continuity's and regularity's sake—*à est ce pas?* Take up your pen and go to deal formally with your reveries, and you find the thing you write about is not the thing you dreamt about: you look at it wonderingly, as the child looks at the Catherine-wheel on a pin after it has fizzed out, and wonders how it could ever have been so pretty. . . . P. S.—I enclose what old Weller would call a 'copy o' verses: they are my last; I can't help it.

If my friend's sea-side inspiration is not correct it ought to be. If I am desultory and lazy, I do not care, and mean to keep so. I shall relinquish that "Autobiography" and take to keeping a Dream Book. It is really very strange, though true, what an intensely dreamy character does actually belong to one's recollections of the most interesting passages in his history. An event that has stirred your soul to its depths, shall within a year seem to you as if it had happened long, long, long ago, and visit your recollections for ever after surrounded with a haze and a mystery that seem scarcely compatible with the undoubted reality that once belonged to it. Yes, there is nothing for it but to keep a Dream Book, if I must needs write myself down at all.

My friend appears to dream a good deal of the impossible, and writes verses occasionally, which may be to him a sort of Dream Book. Here is

the song sent me in the letter of which I have quoted part:—

"Take me away from this wearisome world.
Where the banner of beauty is torn or is furled,
Take me away,
Through the clouds far away,
For oh, 'tis a wearisome world, well-a-day!

Build me a palace with rainbow spars—
With panels that glitter with purple stars—
A radiant hall,
A lonely hall,
Where my soul and I may keep festival.

But first let me say a kind farewell
To the friend of my soul, whom my soul loved
well:

Lonely will roll,
Dreadfully roll,
Thy days when thou lovest me, friend of my soul!

Let me look, if I dare, on the maid I love best,
With the large brown curls lying warm on her
breast:

Heaven! she comes this way,
Comes tripping this way—
The world's not so bad as it was yesterday.

Countermand that order for rainbow spars—
They'd be very expensive, those purple stars—
Let me empty a bowl—
A full, merry bowl,
And talk the hours down with the friend of my
soul.

And when fireside shadows their dance begin,
And the rosy curtains are drawn within,
There's a word I would say,
There's one word I *must* say,
To the maid I love dearest, heigh-ho, well-a-day!"

This is a clear case of "dreaming." The dreamer is *not* talkative; is almost a total abstainer, and familiar with no "bowls" but such as contain only salads; is married; has two whopping boys; and his wife's hair is black and not brown!

We cannot arrive at the conclusion, my friend and I, assumed by many pedagogic minds, that the tendency to reverie is "weakening to the intellect," unfavorable to a wise self-control, and all that. On the contrary, we think it does us good, and is altogether an innocent matter of idiosyncrasy with which no one has a right to interfere. So we mean to dream on; I over my blue convolvulus in the hazy autumn; he over his lemonade and cigar on the hearth-rug. He will write out his dreams in verse; I mine in prose. Moreover, I shall consult him about it, and if he thinks my Dream Book, or any part of it, likely to do good to a single human soul, it shall see the light.

II.

In the twenty-sixth chapter of the "Natural Theology," Paley writes very feelingly and prettily of the confirmation afforded to his faith in the goodness of Almighty God, when "walking by the sea-side on a calm evening, upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide," he had "frequently remarked the appearance of a dark

cloud, or rather very thick mist hanging over the edge of the water, to the height perhaps of half-a-yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach: . . . " which cloud, "when it came to be examined, proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young *shrimps* in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water." "If," proceeds Paley, "if any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this: if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment, what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view."

I have now before me a scene which brings (what I always call) Paley's shrimp argument powerfully to my mind.

The "intelligent foreigner" is always supposed to be struck dumb with the dulness of the English "Sunday." If he were at my elbow now (thank Heaven he is not!), he would see that a portion, at least, of our Sunday may be sufficiently cheerful. I am the delighted witness of a very sweet scene of quiet happiness.

The scene is laid in the back-gardens of a middle-class terrace in a suburb four miles south of London Bridge, and I am overlooking it from a back-window, being kept in-doors by a nervous tooth-ache, in the cure of which rest is an important element. You will often notice after a fit of severe pain, if you try to recollect what has been going on in your mind, that your reflections have held you superior to your sufferings, and that an under-current of pleasant emotion has been rippling quietly deep down in your soul. That was my case now.

It is summer, fading gently, meltingly, odorously, into autumn, and a clear Sunday evening. The sky is of a pale blue, with white clouds dotting it here and there. It is too much to say that it is dusk; nay, it would seem an insult to the rich sunset light to say it is approaching to dusk; and yet there appears to be floating in the atmosphere the faintest, most tremulous, most dreamy fore-cast of the dusk. The perfume of the mignonette is in the air, and the sound of the church-bells has not died away long enough for the ear or become accustomed to the cessation of their notes. But the blank is soon filled up by sounds of childish laughter, and a subdued hum of voices. From a little distance comes the irresolute, interrupted tinkling of a piano; so irresolute, so interrupted, that I make sure some one is leaning over the player, and whispering in her ear more meaning music than can be won from those cold keys by the whitest and softest of fingers. In nearly every one of these gardens, or in the parlors that open upon them,—in many of which I see tea is laid,—there are the unmistakable signs of delighted life.

"O Erd', o Sonne!
O Gluck, o Lust!
O Lieb', o Liebe.
So golden schon!"

The houses belonging to the gardens lying immediately under my eye are, each in its way, perfect pictures of English happiness. Take first the one that lies a little to the left. I have studied that household most attentively from time to time. There is rather a fine-looking *paterfamilias*, who keeps the best hours, and smokes a quiet cigar in his garden in the evening. There is a plump, brown-haired lady, the model of a well-to-do matron, who never (to my knowledge) looks otherwise than charming; who wears pretty little aprons, and pretty little collars, and keeps her plentiful locks in the very best of curl. She goes round the flower-beds with her husband morning and evening, and in the dusk I have seen them grow very playful together, forehead to forehead, hand to hand—but it would be a breach of confidence to put *that* down, even in a Dream Book.

O Lieb o Liebe,
So golden schou!

There are two little girls,—pretty, playful, affectionate creatures, whom it is impossible to look at without thinking of flowers and strawberries; without longing to take them both on your knees, part their dark tangled “wealth of curls,” and kiss their white foreheads. There is a strong, healthy-looking maid, who, I can see, is helped once a week by an outsider. There is a really handsome little dog, whom the young ladies are training to leave the flower-beds alone and to treat pussy with consideration. And sometimes there are visitors, who I suppose go away all the happier (it may be, alas! in a few cases, all the sadder) for having been in such a happy home.

The inmates of the house to my right hand are not so numerous. There is an elderly lady, probably a small annuitant, and a young lady, most likely her niece; there is a servant; and there is a canary. That is all. The young lady takes immense pains with her bright black hair; does, I think, a little more fancy needlework than is good for her; sings at her piano in the usual style of girls recently from school; and appears, I fancy, a little excited when a dark young gentleman, with the suspicion of a mustache, makes a call. But she is very young yet; and I suppose, if there is any romance in the case it is simply that

As pale wild-roses dream of redness,
Dreams her innocent heart of love.

This beautiful evening has brought out into the gardens the chief inmates of both houses and there is much chat transacted across the garden-wall. The faces of the interlocutors are so radiant with happiness, and the two little girls, who find they can only take up the thread of the conversation now and then, and perhaps that their prattle does not go for much with their seniors (wait till they are bigger! I conceive them saying to themselves), find so much delight in bounding about the garden-walks, that I think of the shrimps, and wonder how many thousands of little circles there may be to-night where there is as much happiness as I can at this moment take in with a glance and a thought.

Hark! There is the distant piano again, and accompanied by the voice, not this time indistinct, irresolute, interrupted. Surely it is Kent's “Hear my prayer!” and I can just follow the anthem. “My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me. Then I said, O that I had wings like a dove; then would I flee away and be at rest!” Is it possible that the fountain of one's tears should be unlocked by such a trifle?

But that clear, sweetly modulated laugh! Ah! It comes from a visitor over the way, a lady who has stolen into the garden to the right, unobserved by me. Again! It was Lotty's laugh, and I have never heard such a laugh since I saw her merry for the last time, and she showered the ringlets from her drooped head upon my shoulder, with one hand almost round my neck, and the other raised in playful deprecation of my “nonsense.”

I was to go back to London by the early coach, and Lotty and I had arranged to make a long day of it in the fields, returning in the evening in pretty good time, so that we might have a quiet hour or two with the old folks, and talk over my plans. In spite of a most brilliant sunset, and assurances painstakingly gathered from all the weatherwise people in the town that to-morrow would be fine, we had both gone to bed dolefully prognosticating wet, and could hardly believe our happiness was real when, starting soon after breakfast, we found a glorious September day before us, and walked gaily down the street (there was only one in E——), carrying between us a basket which contained cold fowl, dainty white bread, a cake made by Lotty, and a bottle of her mother's currant wine; carrying it between us, each taking a handle, though it was only a small basket, because that was the only way of compromising a discussion which we had found quite interminable,—who should be “sumpter-mule”? We met the old clergyman, who asked me to write to him now and then, and bade God bless me very heartily, for which Lotty thanked him with sudden tears standing in her dear eyes. It was a serious steady pressure which she gave my hand as we set off again, and we walked along, not quite so gaily, till we came to the tall, awkward stile near the first windmill. We had crossed the same stile frequently enough before, but we now professed to discover something very amusing in the operation, and grew uproariously mirthful. The fact was there was evidently an element of subduing sadness, hardly sad, in our “day's pleasure,” for which we had not prepared, and we tried to ignore it by all manner of extravagances, and with very imperfect success.

How the hours went by I have no clear recollection. I know we were very silly, in our way, and went rambling about much like children who had lost their road without knowing it. I do not think we looked each other in the face more than two or three times, after which we gave it up, because on each occasion I saw the tears rush into Lotty's eyes as they had done when the clergyman bade me “Good-bye.” Altogether I dare say we were very foolish, and our talk was not of the profoundest.

“I say, Lotty——”

It is not romantic perhaps to begin a sentence to a gentle loving creature of seventeen years and two months with "I say," but I have a distinct recollection that I did so.

"I say, Lotty, do you remember when I came out into the garden, and shook hands with you in that formal way?"

"Remember, yes, and very stupid you looked about it; weren't you stupid now?"

"Don't mention it, pray! You stood with your finger at your lips, and your head dropt—looking, oh! so angelically silly! Little boy as I was, I trembled from head to foot and could have clasped you in my arms and kissed you till there was nothing left of you!"

"How very kind! Let me see, were you quite out of pinafores?"

"Don't make fun of me, Lotty; if you do, I shall cry!"

"Well, I won't—there! there! God bless you, Willy!"

A short, crisp kiss on each cheek, besides the benediction.

"A little heart may overflow as well as a full-grown one. Mine was full that evening, and I wanted to press your hand and say an emphatic farewell. Fearing to get overlooked—because I was such a little boy—in the general leave-taking, I resorted to the expedient of walking straight up to all the company, one by one, shaking hands with them, and saying a very serious "Good-bye," and so made sure of my opportunity with you. I have since reflected that my manner must have been very much that of a child who contemplated instantaneous suicide in the water-butt. But I went straight up to bed, my heart beating as if it would burst, and laid awake for hours thinking about you."

"Oh, you funny little boy, how could you?"

"Don't know; but I did. Evening after evening, I cut my playmates, and went off to bed at preposterously sunshiny hours, till my astonished mother wormed my secret out of me; after which I used to take long walks instead, because I didn't want to be laughed at. Why could not I be fond of a little girl without being made fun of? I thought the laughter of my seniors coarse and brutal."

"So it was. Write a book, Willy, on the Rights of Boyhood."

Somewhere after noon my dear girl unrolled the stores of the basket with great pomp and ceremony; first alarming me by pretending we had lost it, and then producing it from behind a clump of ferns. Not Madeline's own supper of "dainties, from argosy transferred," and "lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon," could have looked so pretty as our feast spread on the whitest of napkins in the quietest, holiest depth of the woodland. Beside our own voices, grown merrier out of compliment to the dinner-hour, not a sound was to be heard, except the buzz of a stray bee, and the multitudinous whisper of the leaves overhead. Besides the foliage around us and the wild flowers at our foot, not a sight was to be seen but the deep dark-blue of the sky through rifts in the boughs of the great trees. And so we dined. And our dessert was of blackberries, not quite so ripe as they might have been. But

our overflowing hearts mellowed all things, and each producing a book, we prepared for our siesta while the sun was hot. Lotty had brought "Undine;" I had chosen Coleridge's poems.—We read aloud,—that is, as loudly as it is reverent or natural to read in the forest-temple,—to each other, and I well remember with what a tender emphasis I repeated,—

Ah, from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth;

And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the light and element!
O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist!

Lotty responded by reading the expostulations of the hapless Undine with her lord, where she is explaining the unintelligent nature of Kùhlehorn;—"Several times has he terrified Bertha, even to swooning. He does this because he possesses no soul, being a mere elemental mirror of the outward world, while of the world within he can give no reflection. His imperfect nature, alas! gives him no conception that the vicissitudes and delights of love have so mysterious a resemblance, and are so linked together, that no power on earth can separate them. In the midst of tears, a smile is dawning on the cheek, and smiles call forth tears from their secret recesses." Afterwards I recited Keats' "La Belle Dame sans Mercy," and when I came to the verse—

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways she would bend and sing
A faery song—

I thought that was just what I should have done, if she had been like Lotty!

The sun was sloping westwards when we began our ramble homewards, and the mists were rising from the meadows when we reached the town.—We were almost silent, only pressing each other's faces rather timidly, as the thought of to-morrow kept rising in our minds. As we went up the hill by which the church is approached from the wood and recollected that there was only the tall stile by the windmill, with one more field, and a short dusty road between us and the town, we walked more and more slowly, till, crossing the church-yard, we fairly stood still. A gray, squat square, ruinous looking place is the old church at E—. The tower is literally, not hyperbolically, covered with ivy, up to the very turret-top. You can see the great bell up in the belfry, and you wonder the whole place does not topple down when it rings. As Lotty and I stood by the wonderfully dilapidated porch with the unintelligible inscription over it in a stone let into the wall, and glanced at our shadows lengthening and broken across the graves and gravestones, felt the odorous breath of the evening, and heard the caw of the homeward-going rooks, and the tinkle of a sheep-bell, and the half-dozing chirp

of the sparrows, and the voices of the children at a new school-room in the town practising their singing,—all came mingled together,—it occurred to us both to ask why we were stopping?—Practically, I answered the question by lifting the great latch of the church door, and entering with my darling. Reverently, softly, oh, how softly! we walked up the aisle till we came to the altar. Turning my eyes from a monumental slab upon the wall, they fell upon Lotty's face, where a gleam of golden sunshine fell slantingly, and beatified it. Her hands were gently joined in her lap, and her eyes were cast down; I could see her bosom rise and fall, but could not hear her breath, though I held my own to listen.

"Lotty"—I spoke whisperingly—"Lotty, generation after generation how many happy, loving human creature have stood here to be made happier and fonder?"

"I was thinking of Heaven, Willy. Let us go."

"Not yet. Put your hand in mine. Dear, dear, dear Lotty! with all my heart, and all my soul, and all my strength, I love you! I know you love me too; but tell me so here, Lotty; dearest Lotty, tell me here, with God looking down and listening. Speak, if you love me!"

A rapid flush went up to her very temples, and she lifted her clear eyes, and looked into mine fondly, unflinchingly.

"O Willy, you read my heart. What shall I say? Yours, yours, dearest Willy, in life and death yours!"

I am not ashamed to put down that we both wept. I am not ashamed to say that I flung my arm around her waist, and kissed her forehead, her hair, her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, as I strained her to me. I did not take my lips from her cheek till the church-bell, giving the hour, startled us into reflection, and wondering how long we had been inside the church.

It was all over. We were let down from our third heaven. There was a world without us. I closed the church-door with a trembling hand.

"Stay, Willy; let me put up my hair a bit: suppose the sexton should be coming this way?"

"What if he did? He could only go home and say he had met an angel in the churchyard."

"Nonsense, Willy: he would go home and say he had met Miss Shorland with her hair dreadfully tumbled."

How often it happens that after some unusually serious and interesting passage in our existence, we experience a sudden accession of playfulness!"

We found the candles lighted, and the draught-board drawn out. Small was the talk that we had concerning "my plans," but I promised that my letters to Lotty should be very full and particular, and she engaged that all matters contained in them of general interest should be duly made known. The very demon of mirth possessed me: I joked, cut mad capers, and laughed unmercifully, until at last Lotty caught the infection and laughed nearly as much as I did. At last came bed-time and parting, and I went away.

Sleep was not to be mine that night. I turned upon my pillow, dozed, dreamt, dozed and turned again. Finally I got up, dressed, and slipped quietly into the street. It was the hour "when deep sleep falleth upon man," and an unspcakably beautiful night. The sky and the earth were so flooded with moonlight that you scarcely thought of the stars. I went to my darling's house, and stole round to the garden. In the distance was the church on the hill, looking white and solemn against the dark trees. There was the motionless windmill, and near it were

"The shining willows, so tall and so gray."

Lotty's window was all dark. "It is something," I said half aloud, "to know that she sleeps; if she were awake, would she not be at the window gazing at the old church on the hill? Sweetest peace visit thy pillow, O my beloved!"

I went back to my room, and prepared for my journey. It was daylight when I sallied forth, intending to take the coach on the road, as I was early. Once more I slipped round to that garden, but Lotty's curtains were not yet undrawn. I should like one more look at her dear little face! Should I let her sleep or wake her? My selfishness got the better of me. I plucked a dozen hard, unopened marigold flowers, and flung them at her window. In an instant she was at the pane, pale but beautiful; and blowing me rapid kisses, she lifted her finger and pointed upwards with a look which I translated into "God bless you!"

That moment I heard the rattle of the coach-wheels in the street, and hurried away.

I cannot proceed with this dream. And there is a tap at my door. I will finish it another time.

III.

It is a great thing, unutterably awful and thrilling,—when for the first time in our lives Death the Conqueror makes himself known to us in all the mystery of his might and inexorableness. Every day the newspaper has its obituary; you are well aware that fifty people die in a minute; you have been in the habit of looking up at closed blinds in the street with some sort of awe; and hatchments in the great squares have touched you as might a baronial ruin; a newly-made grave has not been without a voice and a moral; funerals have intercepted your path in the thoroughfares; people have died next door to you. But even Death next door is Death afar off,—a vague distant terror, and not a darkly awful presence. Stand—with suspended respiration and fevered temples—stand under the very flapping of his wings, as the Inexorable stoops to breathe the last chill upon the forehead of some beloved one; feel that the solemn shadow in which you stand is deepening and deepening; kneel when the silver cord is snapped, kneel by a pale corpse in the hush of an hour before dawn, with no sounds to be heard but the sobs of passionate mourners and the ticking of a clock,—kneel, and say to God the "Never more" of a bereaved heart, the "Help, Lord, or I perish!" of a soul that is come into the deep waters: so

stand, so kneel, so cry to the Lord of Life, and you will know what death is, and what a celestial hope may rise at last, luminous and large, out of the blackness of horror in that word—DEAD.

A simple child (says Wordsworth)—a simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

And it is beautifully said. But I was long, very long past the age of childhood, before I could bring myself to believe in dying. To this day, I can with difficulty only, and by a direct mental effort, conceive even of one dangerously sick as dying—dead! So completely does actual, present life, even when faint and fluttering, keep its negation out of my sight. That the beautiful flame which lights up the eye, and glows in the touch, should ever go out!—

To die!
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod!

And other pulses to go on beating; and the stars to keep step along the sky; and the south wind to ripple the rivers and stir the leaves of the trees; and little children to prattle and play; and the million-fold hum of life to wake anew every morning; and the round impassive heaven to be blue as ever—O it is strange, and was once stranger still to me!

But if anything could be stranger than Death itself, it would, be the chatter, and idle, pompous cold-bloodedness with which coarse-minded persons seem to go about what are called "the last marks of respect" to the departed. It may well strike you dumb with amazement to hear a widow who has just lost an only son call out sobbingly to some one to "take care the funeral-cake is made with currants, because she can't bear carraway seeds;" but that I once heard with my own ears. And what has put me into this mortuary train of thought is that, my door being ajar, I overheard a very sharp, rapid voice, addressing the servant thus:—"O if you please 'm could you tell me where a Miss Richards a dressmaker lives somewhere about here becos I want her to make me some mourning which my usband died a fortnight ago of a ulcerated gall-bladder and I've only got one gown and bonnet thats fit to go hout in and besides I know a young female who's just dead of being disappointed in love with my brother Holiver which he was married last week 'm and a lock of his 'air and a piece of poetry was found in her work-box, and her relations is in wants of some hextra mourning and I've been hunting everywhere for Miss Richards, and I feels quite porly m'self, becos as I was passing by the Feathers they took in a little boy as had been found drownid, and quite upset me, if you'd believe me 'm —"

O heavens and earth! Is it possible that a widow of fourteen days can rattle on in this fashion, taking for the starting-point of her talk the death of him who has lain in her bosom,—and all to a stranger on the door-step? Is this

mourning? "Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables"—when I am next forced to put on woe-trappings!

In sensitive and undebauched natures the first paroxysms of grief, after the loss of some one dearly loved and cherished, are followed by a tender melancholy, which never dies out, and which the suggestion of any passing circumstance may waken into intensity. It was in the loss of my mother, eleven years ago, that I first rubbed clothes with death, and knew assuredly and of a truth, that the living and the loved *must* die; and there is only one other passage in my history which more frequently or more saddeningly enters into my dreamings of the past. My dear girl and I were to be married in a fortnight, when one morning I received the following letter. I remember, word for word, from repeated, fond perusal, every line Lotty ever wrote to me.

E—

MY DEAR WILLY,—I told you in my last that there is a good deal of sickness here, and one's dearest friends may be taken ill as well as others. We should like to see you down here, because your mother is seriously ill, and I promised your father I would write to you. The Doctor says she has a fever of (I think it is) a typhoid kind. May God bless you and raise her up soon to embrace her dear boy! Ever your affectionate

LOTTY.

Lotty's temperament was of the manifestative order; her powers of self-suppression were as small as they could well be; and the solicitous tenderness with which this note was written was so ill-concealed that I was prepared to find my mother in great danger. My father's declining to write himself was also significant; he was not much beloved by his children, and knowing the deeply-rooted affection that existed between my mother and me, he would naturally shrink from announcing that she was in peril. There was another cause for alarm: my mother was one of those quiet souls who keep up to the last, and complain only when it is too late. I have found that class of martyrs more numerous than I had once supposed it could possibly be, and let me say a word for them:—these patient, self-sacrificing children of our Father who is in heaven have surely a double claim upon those who surround and love them, for a watchful and inquisitive care, that shall supply the place of that querulousness which in most of us gives the alarm in due time when things are going wrong with us. If this Dream Book of mine should ever meet other eyes than his who writes these words with a tremulous pen, it may be something to remind one reader of a particular in which the over-busy, as well as the pleasure-lover, is apt to forget that we should "bear one another's burdens."

And here I find I must put down an instance of the kind thoughtfulness of my beloved girl, though with a feeling I do not care to analyze I was going to skip it. In the midst of her grief and her many tears, as she wrote that letter, she could spare a recollection and a good word for a possibly over-worked dressmaker who was a perfect stranger to her. Her wedding-dress was

being made in town, and her letter contained a little postscript:—

If you have time, will you send word to the dressmaker, she can take a *few days* more.

The "few days" carefully underlined, as if to intimate ever so distantly that within three weeks or a month my mother might be about again. Dear sainted soul!—I sent the message.

The interval between my receiving Lotty's letter and my getting to E—— is a blank in my recollection; but I remember that as I walked up the town I struggled hard to realize the idea of any one dear to me dying, and that I found it impossible to do so. I met the good doctor, and spoke to him: no doubt he thought there was a sort of impiety in the tenacity with which I clung to the faith—yes, that is the word—that my mother, so good and so beloved, *must* live, and that it would be mine to see that her declining days were happier than the previous part of her life. He told me she had evidently been over-exerting herself, and that she had not said she was ill until, he feared, it was too late. Then she had taken a severe cold, and a very bad fever of a typhoid kind was the result.

I found her nearly speechless and rapidly getting worse. My father and sister were almost paralyzed, and of course of little use, though they were both "*strong-minded*" persons in the world's opinion. My delicate Lotty alone, who was "nervous," "fanciful," and in the bad books of certain elderly dowds even "finical,"—she alone was erect, alert, and blessing all about her by her loving though not untremulous ministrations.

As I went softly up stairs, I thought I heard her voice, saying—"Mother—"

Again, "Mother,"—very distinctly: it was she who spoke.

"Mother!" for the third time.—A quiet moan of recognition.

"Mother!"—Willy is coming; I hear his step on the stairs."

But I did not even see her as I entered the room and embraced my mother. When I lifted my head, I beheld her on the other side of the bed, so pale with watching and with sorrow, but so radiant with love and compassion, that I stood looking speechlessly in her face. Then she smiled, and, without moving from her place, stretched her hand across the bed for me to kiss. My mother lifted hers with a motion I did not understand; but Lotty did, and led our joined hands into her trembling grasp.

When I had first looked at my mother, on entering the room, I know, from the thoughts that were hurriedly and indistinctly passing in my mind, that my eyes must have had a reproachful meaning in their sadness, which she had translated into—"Must it be that she whom we love so well shall close a life of toil and self-sacrifice now, and thus? O pitying Heaven, no!" As she held mine and my darling's hand feebly clasped in her own, she looked meaningly in my face, and said with all the emphasis she could command, and a smile that came and went like summer lightning,—

"God is good!"

I knew what that meant, and that it was true. It was like a divine—"Peace, be still," to my troubled soul, and kind tears rushed into my eyes. Lotty turned away, and pretended to adjust her hair at the glass; but she had not recollected that I could see her face in that as well as she could. The Doctor had said, half-playfully, on meeting me, "You must not take Miss Shorland and marry her, young man; she ought to be a Sister of Mercy." How should he know? Had she ever called him dear names in a whisper, or laid her forehead on his shoulder, or—

The Minister came up stairs. He was a very energetic, active man; wiry in frame, bred a shoemaker, self-taught; with a heart amply supplied with the milk of human kindness, and an ultra-Calvinistic creed that blazed with damnation. Good old creature! I sent him once a sermon of Chalmers', headed "God's Love to All Men," and he returned it with an indignant note, in which the doctrine of "reprobation" was not in anywise minced or blinked at. He and his flock were very strong upon the "thousand years' reign," and, in spite of their Calvinism, were high-class Arians,—the only preacher and congregation of the kind I ever knew. I should be puzzled to say whether there was more goodness or narrowness of heart amongst them. Amongst these people, partly from the force of circumstances, more from an intense *loyalty* of soul, which was appealed to by their strong views of the "Divine faithfulness," my dear mother had cast her lot at early age, and among them she had grown in grace, had been strengthened in good works; though her gentle nature frequently, to my knowledge, led her to question rather anxiously the truth of her adopted creed in its harsher features.

That creed was never mine. I am now farther removed from it than ever; though I can take an ultra-Calvinist's stand-point, and fully appreciate the state of mind in which he finds in his faith the key to all mysteries. But, oh ye intellectual coxcombs, ye theological exquisites!—if eyes of yours meet page of mine—ye, who turn loathingly from the old-fashioned rugged speech of saints in earnest; who cry "Cant, Cant!" when there is no cant!—how, may it please your Superfine Sublimities, shall I write down my dreamy recollections of the dying minutes of a saint indeed; who loved Watts and Toplady, and Susannah Harrison's "Songs in the Night"—all abominations in your nostrils, as I very well know? Good friends, pardon me this apostrophe, and also pardon me that I believe the quaint words of men like Toplady and Wesley have been God's bread of life to millions upon millions who would have starved and gone all dark and doubting down to the pit, upon your transcendental "Utterances."

"Sister," said the Minister, "is the Lord with you?"

"Firm—Firm . . . as his throne . . ."

said my mother, with difficulty.

"Ah!" said the old man, and repeated very feelingly two verses of a hymn of Watts's, which is a great favorite with supralapsarians:—

Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
He will not put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost:
Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

He continued: "Last night at the prayer-meeting there was much wrestling with God for you; brother Martin engaged, and was very importunate that you might be raised up again.

Poor brother Martin! Thou wast very ignorant, and a little shopkeeper only; but the Infinite Goodness listens to the incoherent prayers of small tradespeople as well as to the sky-blue aspirations of cultivated "Spiritualists," and to the orthodox talk of men in surplices who read from high places that Athanasian formula which duly damns poor little Arians like thee. Many a time, in my awful dreamings of the past, do I remember thee, because thou wast "importunate" with Heaven for my mother!

Two more days and two more nights did my mother live and suffer—suffer much; for the fever raged, the tongue swelled, sleep fled from her, and would not come at any opiate's bidding. When I call to mind how through years of trial she had always possessed her soul in patience, I can scarcely trust my memory when it tells me that once, in some extremity of her agony, I heard her say, "O Lord! . . . why this . . . pain?" But it was so. At those fearful words, doubly fearful from so submissive, so meek a soul, I trembled to my heart's core, and seizing her hand, pressed it convulsively. It was only a passing cloud upon the resignedness of a saint indeed. An hour afterwards she regained a calmness which she did not lose up to the parting moment.

Very early in the morning of the third day, when there was a leaden light in the sky, and not a breath of air stirring, she suddenly opened her eyes and fixed them solicitously upon me, making fruitless efforts to speak. I read her wishes, and whispered my father and sister, who were weeping at the bed's foot, to draw near to her. Not a word could she utter, but such a dying embrace as she could give she gave. Then Lotty and I approached together. Starting eagerly up from the pillow, she clasped Lotty's hand and mine, and looking before her with fixed dilated eyes, said loudly and distinctly—

"Lord Jesus!"

I caught her as she fell heavily back into my arms,—and all was over.

Then a mist swam before my eyes, and darkness covered my spirit. Of the following hour or two I know little. I remember sobs and passionate cries, and the day getting lighter and lighter, and my having a strange sensation as if there were going to be perpetual daylight. I remember a sweet pale face that seemed everywhere, with eyes that, as I once met them, said "God is good!" I remember a pressure of lips on my temples, and that the voice of mourning appeared to grow fainter and fainter, all through that heavenly face and the few but golden syllables spoken by those lips. And I seem to wake up

and know where I am, at the breakfast-table in the brick-floored kitchen opening to the garden, with the church on the hill in the distance. And soothed by the kindly tea, with the breeze through the open door, fanning my forehead, and that sweet pale face at the head of the table where my mother was wont to be, I bow my head to conceal a few blessed tears, and in the very depth of my soul I too say to myself, "God is good!"

Sleep came to me at night, and I rose next morning refreshed and strengthened. When I met Lotty, we shook hands fervently, and looked inquiringly into each other's faces like long-parted friends; there was nothing to read in either countenance but a solemnized, saddened affection; and we were both calm to a degree which surprised us then, and surprises me now. Keeping her hand, I said, unfalteringly,—

"How shall I thank you, dear Lotty, for all your goodness?"

"Put off the thanks, dear friend—you will reward me some day, no doubt; at present it is enough that you look so calm and so well."

"Ah, but you look very pale and thin, and I do not think E— is healthy just now. When I go back to town, go with me, and stay a few days; we can easily get you a nice lodging, and the change will do you good."

"I musn't, Willy—"

"Only for a few days, dear Lotty; you want it, after all your night-watching and anxiety."

"No, dear Willy, no; I feel quite strong, believe me. My father and mother are not well, and are much cut up at our loss; and besides, your sister—"

"What of my sister, that should keep you in E—?"

"Well, do not be alarmed; but I don't quite understand or trust that young S—; and at a crisis like this, when your father has his thoughts full, I have reason to think his movements ought to be watched; and who is there to do it, if I do not? You, dear Willy, must go back as soon as possible, for your own sake,—I mean, for our sakes. As for me you wouldn't believe how strong I feel, and you must trust me here a little while longer. Why should you not? God is good, Willy!"

"O Lotty! you are all that is kind and wise; teach me, and make me better, for I fear I am very selfish, and thoughtless about others."

"Hush, hush! we will do each other all the good we can at present, and—when we are married, I have a great deal to tell you that will please you.—"

All the incidents of a modern funeral are, to my thinking, barbarous and disgusting. What loathing and revulsion were mine, till the sod had been heaped upon my mother's coffin, I need not say. It is curious, but true, that having been annoyed from time to time with the bad, and, as I thought, irreverent manner in which the singing was managed at my mother's chapel, I was seized with a fit of concern about the hymn to be sung at the funeral, and insisted on setting the tune myself. But I broke down at the middle, in a torrent of tears. The hymn was one of Charles Wesley's, one verse of which my

mother was in the habit of repeating very frequently :—

Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

I was surprised beyond measure to hear the stubborn old Minister conclude his petition with the Lord's Prayer, of which I was and am exceedingly fond. It was to Lotty that I was indebted for this, though how even she had managed to induce so stern a Dissenter to conform to Church usage to that extent was past my understanding. I had some difficulty about the inscription on the tombstone, in which my mention of "a life of patient self-renunciation and continuance in well doing" was pronounced to be "exalting the creature;" but I carried my point eventually. Ah! I feel sure the on-looking spirits of the "nameless martyrs" departed, of whom no stone records so much, of whom no words of fond and reverent remembrance are written by surviving fingers, could not disapprove the loving solicitude of an only son to distinguish his mother's grave! I never pass a day without a tender recollection of my mother. No subtleties about the "spirituality" of the world of bliss can prevent my lifting my eyes upwards to the skies when I think of her; no "Protestant" timidity about addressing the dead can hold me back from breathing out my emotions to her spirit, as if she listened and could bless me. Dear sainted soul! Evil befall the day when I shall cease to think of thee as a Loving Presence ready to hear and smile when I call thee, as of old, my Mother!

The day before I quitted E—, for London once more, brought me some letters forwarded from my lodgings, according to instructions I had left there; one was from the dressmaker, to say that Lotty's wedding-dress was quite ready.

IV.

"Ah, I see you still belong to the precious party of Progress, and I suppose you call me a renegade, as other people do."

"No;" said I, "my accusation is, not that you are false to a party or a set of doctrines, but that you are false to the dream of your youth,—I might say, of your boyhood."

"Time and unfortunate experiences dispel our illusions."

"I do not believe in *illusions* in what I call the base sense of that word. There have been moments in the course of the time which has elapsed since we last met when I have been disposed, in a sort of ignoble petulance which fifth-rate Byrons call despair, to write up "The glory has departed," and look upon the world thenceforth as a mere chandlery-store for the accommodation of creatures whose lives were to be bounded by bread and cheese, and regulated by a perpetual regard to two distant places called Heaven and Hell. But I took the alarm in time, struggled with the toils of circumstance, cried to the Strong for help, and found rest."

"Where?"

"In the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

"Ah, you're a Theosophist."

"Don't call names, that's a good fellow!"

"It's all fair; you said I was 'false' to the dream of my boyhood. Now there goes a doctor's boy on the other side of the way; what do you suppose his dreams may be? He's a stubborn fact, he is, and appreciates stubborn facts, depend upon it."

"He does—also latch-keys and fourpenny-pieces," said I, smiling.

As I like to slip in and out in a quiet way sometimes, I find much convenience in a latch-key. Once upon a time I missed it; and, after putting things together, my suspicions fell upon that doctor's boy, whose visits to my door were rather frequent just then. I distinctly remembered leaving the key in the latch, and I had missed it shortly after Mercury in buttons called with a phial containing colored nitre and water, to be charged half-a-crown in the bill at Christmas.

"Hi!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Have you seen a latch-key on the mat or on the steps?"

"Latch-key, Sir!—no Sir, I aint seen no latch key, Sir."

"O; it was in the door the other day, when you came."

"P'raps some boy's bin and took it away, Sir; I knows a boy as 'is mother takes in mangleing, and he stole a shillin' out of the grosher's till last Wednesday while they was at dinner, and p'raps he's got your key?"

"You're sure you know nothing about it?"

"Me Sir—no Sir! The grosher pitched into 'im jest about a bit, and didn't he squeak!"

"Well, look about, will you, and see if you can find it for me, that's a fine fellow."

"Yes Sir, I'll go and look round the gutters and hareys, and hast the gal at the milk shop."

"Two days and no latch-key, but most interested inquiries and affectionate condolence from Mercury, when he could."

"Hi!—Just step here. Now, if you'll find that key, I'll give you a plateful of that nice pudding there."

"Master says cold puddin' isn't olesome in ot weather, Sir."

"Then, a new fourpenny-piece."

"I aint got no idea wheres it is, but I'll try, Sir, as you seems so perticklerly hawnions."

In the afternoon, Mercury brought the key, a little rusted, and walked off with his fourpenny-piece. I watched him down the street, where he encountered an *alter idem* in the boy of another apothecary who had incurred the deadly enmity of mine, because he attended poor midwifery cases for half-a-guinea. I could tell, by the animated pantomime in which Mercury relieved his excited feelings, that he was describing, with many flourishes, what he considered a highly creditable business transaction with myself.

I suppose it may be from a remnant of the *esprit de corps* that I cannot find it in me to be hard upon that little scape-grace.

"O, death in life! The days that are no more!" Must I dream *that* over again? It is no "vision beatific" in which I fancy myself once more a miserable little errand-boy to an Evangelical grocer in Saffron-hill, London.

In the midst of privation, nay, real want, and hard work, my mother had taught me to read, to say my "Tables," and had started me in penmanship. She was constantly repeating choice sayings, which I treasured up in my mind, and shall never forget.

Improve in each ingenious art,
Learning, like beauty, wins the heart—

Or,

Despair of nothing that you would attain,
Unwearied diligence your point will gain—

Or,

Goodness in virtue only's understood;
None's truly great that is not truly good.

In the morning, when my father was out, she used to close the shutters, and kneel down to pray with me. I think the lesson most frequently on her lips was forgiveness of injuries; but I know she used to find it very hard to pardon any one who suspected her or me of an untruth, and I have seen her weep bitterly at such times.—There was a kind cab-proprietor who on rare occasions used to drive us a little way out of town, with his wife and child,—to Hampstead Heath, or the borders of Epping Forest, and very happy we used to be under the hawthorns, or the wild-brier roses. On Sundays she used, when she could, to attend a chapel in Soho, where there was a minister (not long ago dead) who was understood to be the ablest of the respectable High-Calvinist school in London. But she was longing all the while to be back again to the little Arian Millenarian church in E—, as, being of the creed of one John Milton, she could not be admitted to the sacramental table of orthodox people.

At between ten and eleven years of age, mainly through my father's importunities, I became factotum to that "Evangelical" grocer in Saffron-hill, and made the fourth in an establishment which, before my arrival, consisted of Mr. Grocer, his wife, and his only child—a daughter.

My "Evangelical" proprietor and dirty tyrant was a man to be remembered,—rather by way of nightmare than of dream, however. He was a Scotchman and a Mac Something, but had very little of the northern accent. He was short and thickly built. His hair was fiery red, bristly, and close-cropped round a cannon-ball head. He had gooseberry eyes, which protruded enormously under thick eyebrows that met in a great bush over his nose. He wore white neck-ties, which, tall and stiff as they were, gave you the idea of being literally "chokers" when he opened his eyes as wide—and as far—as he could. He talked everlastingly and unmercifully, with no fear of little dogs' tails before his eyes. The passport to his favor was to declare yourself "a lost, guilty creature," upon which he was sure to quote an inappropriate text of Scripture as a

portion" expressly intended for "poor sinners." He gloried in his intense ignorance, despised "vain learning," and generally began conversation with his betters by saying that where he went to school they never taught a word of "grammar or astronomy;" which with him stood for the whole circle of sciences, arts, and languages. He drove a thriving trade, and was probably as honest as the general run of shopkeepers; but Heaven help the poor housewife that had a drunken husband, and "booked" without means of paying in due time! His piety may have been the best he was capable of, but his godly talk sounded uncommonly like blasphemy, and to caricature it is scarcely possible. Late at night, just before Christmas time, a "brother in the Lord" drops in, and finds us picking and polishing up plums and currants:—

"You seem very busy, Brother Mac—"

"Pretty well, the Lord be praised!—(A deep sigh.) Not unto us—not unto us!"

"Tired, I dare say, with your extra work, just now."

"Oh, yes!—(sigh)—much wearied! But it is through much tribulation that we must enter the Kingdom. Willum, how aia we in lemon-peel?—take out the dreore and look."

"Did you hear profitably on Tuesday evening?"

"Well, n—no—(sigh)—not much communion; hardly a word for poor sinners from beginning to end of the sermon."

"Let's see, Brother Mac—, do you take the 'Trumpet?' Profits to the Haged Pilgrims.—Last number contains a sweet bit—'Some of the Lord's Gracious Dealings with Miss Kerenhappuch Jones, of Rotherhithe.'"

"Ah!—(sigh)—I've been much exercised this week concerning those words 'Go unto a land which I shall show unto thee.' The Lord seemed to order and direct my thoughts to a larger shop in Exmouth-street, but—Willum, turn down that gas a bit—the coming-in is high. A rush-light?—yes, my girl."

"Please, Sir, mother's very ill to-night, and father isn't come home, and I'm forced to sit up with her; and she says *could* you let her have a half-quartern loaf and an ounce of tea?"

A "brother" being present, he cannot escape, but vents his bile, as he hands the poor thing her loaf and tea, by asking—

"Your poor mother goes to Church, don't she? I hear they're very Armeenian there; I hope she has thought of her poor soul?"

Mr. Mac—rented a chapel on his own behalf; and had a congregation. It was my lot to "sit under" him occasionally; and in the evening, when no dinner-time interfered, I have heard him hammer away for an hour and forty minutes, and then finish with—"You'll pardon me to-night, Balloved!—(his way of calling his flock 'Beloved')—I'll go on with the subjut another time!" Also he had edited a hymnbook and included what he termed "A FEW ORIGINALS." One couplet of one hymn, supposed to be in praise of the Divine perfections, I remember—

For there's no star but what he made,
Nor herb, nor stone, nor tree, nor blade.*

The as
to a foot

Mr. I
of iron
Timoth
himself
his poo
ed exis
She loc
weman
the red
never a
cheek.
door-st
huge l
face wh
thing!
believ
as a so
entered
morals
very in
heartil
The
mother
my con
shopke
gister
-mind,
pithoy
lotte,
mothe
forgot
Roma
peruss
Wh
since
wound
place
a clea
face,
her o
ing
praye
to cal
comp
and h
broug
an ex
obtai
store
since
never
hous
exerc
say h
you
he h
her
grow
chur
sit a
shop
in a
and
my
he lo

The asterisk was important, because it led you to a foot-note:—

* Of grass.

Mr. Mac—ruled his household with a rod of iron, and would probably have quoted 1 Timothy, iii. 4 and 5, if called upon to justify himself: it is very likely he did often quote it to his poor little wife, who must have led a wretched existence with her "brute of a husband."—She looked as if she might once have been a woman of spirit, but it had all evaporated under the red-hot tyranny of her married life; and I never saw her excited, or with a color in her cheek. I have watched her hearth-stoning the door-step, polishing the fire-irons, wringing a huge bed-quilt, and wondered at her bloodless face when she was straining every muscle. Poor thing! I am sometimes inclined to think she believed in her husband, and looked up to him as a sort of divinity; at all events, she so far entered into his spirit, and accepted his code of morals concerning subordinates, as to treat me very indifferently,—for which I have long ago heartily forgiven her.

There were three persons, besides my dear mother, who contributed much towards making my condition under the "Evangelical" chandler's shopkeeper's rule, a bearable one. Let me register grateful thoughts, as they pass through my mind, of my tyrant's daughter, of the assistant-potboy at the "Robin Hood and Princess Charlotte," and of the assistant-potboy's widowed mother, whose Malapropisms were never to be forgotten, and whose copy of "Kirke White's Remains" was thrust upon every comer for perusal,—upon me among the rest.

When I went to Mr. Mac——'s, it was a year since I had seen Lotty, and I have now and then wondered how it was that little Mary did not displace her image in my mind. Real golden hair, a clear, large blue-gray eye, a nicely chiselled face, a high white forehead, and a soft voice of her own, had little Mary. She was always watching me about, and at "family prayer" (such prayer!) if I lifted up my eyes, I was almost sure to catch hers fixed full upon me, with a childish compassionate interest. She was a year my senior, and her truly maternal "Here, little boy!" as she brought me, at my first tea behind the counter, an extra slice of bread and butter, surreptitiously obtained perhaps, or surrendered from her own store, is yet sounding in my ears. Well, I have since thanked her for that more than once. I never quite understood Mary's position in the household, or the quality of the influence she exercised over my master. It would be wrong to say he was *kind* to her, because kindness is a thing you could not couple with his name at all—but he humored her in a surprising manner; allowed her to come down-stairs from bed in her night-gown when she was disturbed by the ringing of church-bells, which affected her strangely, and to sit at the round table in the parlor adjoining the shop till the general bed-time, reading or working in a tall chair, from which her little white feet and ankles depended very prettily, and much to my admiration; and I sometimes used to think he looked at her with a half-superstitious expres-

sion in his eyes. On Saturday nights late, when I had crept to the foot of the staircase in the dark, tired out, and half-disposed to cry, Mary would seek me out, and, touching my hand lightly, whisper, "Little boy"—or, after a few weeks had made her familiar,—“William, you're very tired, aint you? It'll soon be time to go home, and then you'll have all to-morrow to rest in.” The crib, or loft, or what-not, in which I used to sleep every night but Saturday night, began to display some comical attempts at ornament, after my occupancy was a month old; the only shelf which was not lumbered up bore a little shell-basket marked “A Present from Margate for a Good Girl,” in which were a few sprigs of lavender. Once, she told me mysteriously, but looking me very full in the face, with her eyes as wide open as possible, that she was working me “something,” and then she ran hastily away. The “something” proved to be a kind of book-marker, made of cardboard, and inlaid with blue and white beads, so as to give this device—“Dear William, Think Of Me.” I soon came to understand that Mary was a pet with the best and most respectable of my master's customers, who made her little presents, and invited her to their houses, so that she was a much better instructed girl than could, under the circumstances, have been expected. Her being allowed to take so much notice of me I attributed to her mother's being one of those people who never appear to observe anything, and to the curious influence she always seemed to exercise over her father. But so deeply was the image of my little country playmate Lotty engraven in my heart, that I actually turned with a sort of displeasure from Mary's manifold displays of kindness; I felt that all my loving and regardful thoughts were due to Lotty, and it was with difficulty that I could command myself so far as to make poor Mary some small present as an acknowledgment of her gifts and goodnesses. Under the advice of my friend the potboy's mother, however,—and when I consulted her as to the article I should buy, telling her candidly the whole case, she laughed till the tears ran down her face,—I bought Mary a gorgeous needlecase; not, I must say, without some self-denial before I could collect the cost. When I presented it, my blue-eyed little patroness blushed very red, said emphatically “O, thank you, William!”—and scampered off, as if I had levelled a pistol at her.

The assistant potboy at the “Robin Hood and Princess Charlotte” was Mary's devoted admirer and slave, and had solicited and cultivated my acquaintance with ulterior views when he found his suit was far from prosperous. Not deriving from the new connection with myself all the advantage he had calculated upon, he began to cross-examine me at street-corners, with a severe countenance and much beating about the bush, to ascertain if I was the favored swain. Satisfied upon that point, he timidly invited my co-operation in a scheme for what he vaguely and vigorously called “a reg'lar go in,” of which I could gather only the leading features; they were, to “polish off the hold bloke,” tie Mrs. Mac—— to a bed-post, and carry off little Mary *vi et armis*. Objections on the score of moral

propriety be pooh-poohed, but he was sensible to certain doubts I threw upon the feasibility of his suggested enterprise, and became moody, thoughtful, and solitary. On the whole, however, he contracted a way of looking up to me and asking my advice, which he did on some very droll questions:—

"I say, Bill; there's a feller goin' to be hung o' Monday: do you think you and her could get out on the sly and go with us, and then I might pitch it into her as we went along?"

I thought not. Another time, after a succession of repulses, poor fellow! he asked, "Did I think if he went reg'lar to her father's chapel, and learnt to sing 'ymas, she'd mind him?"

Again I thought not.

"Praps it's because I'm a pot-boy: if I was to take a more genteeler situation, now?"

Could not say; but I fancied she would like to wait a few years.

"Praps, now, if I had whiskers?"

Finally, he decided to possess his soul in patience till his whiskers should grow, and then—oh! Meantime, he was kind and consolatory to me chiefly out of his horror and hate of the "hold bloke."

Strange world! Here were pathetic cross-purposes, and a tragedy in little: potboy loved Mary; Mary loved potboy's friend; potboy's friend loved somebody else: thereupon, lovers' joys and lovers' pains for all four of the little actors, and life-long results for three of them.

Life-long! I suppose it is true, that not one man in a thousand marries his first love; but he who can recall the dear dream of his youth, without a thrill of soft, persuasive melancholy that leaves him dimmer-eyed and clearer hearted, would

—peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave!

There! my candle is out; and the moonlight, through the half-drawn curtain, throws the shadow of the tall geranium upon my paper, and old familiar things in the room take fantastic shapes. O ye unforgotten beloved ones, upon whose grave the white cold light lies peacefully, rest ye peacefully too! For I also am happy, in a valley where whosoever weeps is not always therefore sorrowful; and the gates of the deathless land seem pearly through blessed tears, when I press your memory to my heart!

Tut! Have I never seen moonlight before? Blessed be he who invented domestic bell-pulls; for here comes another candle.

Mrs. Turrell, mother of Mary's adorer, was great in Kirke White, in dramatic matters, in dilanated English, and in the heavenly bodies. Of the heavenly bodies her knowledge was not equal to her apparent appreciation of what she often told me was the "most sublimest of the sciences;" but keen was the zest with which she would talk to me of "Satan which is the remarkablest of all the planetary orbits on account of his extrordinary ring and seven moons which is all necessary to enable the inhabitants to support the cold temperament, being so far off from the sun." And I call to mind with amusement, though not unthankfully, how when I complained to her one

night of some indignity received from my master, she gave me a consolatory speech and a penny, directing me to carry the latter to a man in Cold Bath Fields, who would show me through his "taliscope, the mountainous districks of the moon which is our Satillite." Then, the poor old lady knew a "dresser" at one of the theatres, from whose conversation she gathered scraps of theatrical knowledge, besides imbibing a strong admiration for the stage, and a passion for recitation, with which last she was at great pains to imbue me. She was possessed of a copy of "Enfield's Speaker," and endeavored to make me recite Gray's Bard, and take Brutus to her Cassius in the quarrel scene. I would begin with, as I thought, sufficient emphasis,

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confu—

when my instructress would spring from her chair, assume an attitude, and cry—

"Gracious me, boy! why don't you learn to gesticulate properly! speak 'out! Look here—

Ru-u-jn seize thee, ruthress King!
Confusion on thy banners waits
Though fanned by conquest's cr-rimson wing.
They mock the air with hide state!
'Elm nor 'Auberk's twisted mail,
Nor ev'n thy virtues, Tyrant.—

(frantically.) There: now my false curls is down! Ho, ho, ho! you won't go and tell of a poor old body like me, will you, boy?"

Or it would be "Brutus and Cassius," starting off in this wise:—

"Now then; you stand there, and fold your arms across, and hold up your head, and look very serious—that aint it—you must frown a little. Now! I'm going to begin—fix your heyes on me!

That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Looshus Peller,
For taking bribes 'ere of the Sardriums;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Now then, "you wronged yourself——." But, when you come to "Be ready, Gords!" go like this—fix your heye on the ceilin' stretch both your harms us as high as hever you can, and then you say—

Be ready, Gords, with hall your thunderbolts,
Smash me into pieces.

Perhaps, I suggested—

"'Dash me to pieces,' aint it, Mrs. Turrell?"
"Praps it is; but dash and smash means the same thing. Ah well, two heads is better than one; I see you're right, boy. I'll have my drop o' beer now, and we'll do it better next time. Ho, ho, ho! (Then breaking into a song)—

There was an old couple, and they were poor—
Fa la, fa la, fa la, fa la,
They lived in a house, an' it had but one door—
Fa la, fa la —

Ho, ho, he! Aint I a funny old woman?"

It is difficult for me to say *now* what "possibilities" lay "folded up" in this "funny old woman," or to estimate exactly my own indebtedness to her. "Inglorious," though not "mute," as she was, I now feel, looking back upon the influence she exercised over me, and considering it in the light of increased experience and information, that she must have had some grains of poetry in her composition. Her lending me,—as she lent everybody that knew his letters,—her everlasting "Kirke White's Remains," created a new era in my existence. Old things passed away, and the whole world around me was arrayed in fresh colors. I read, for the first time, and with unbounded eagerness, of a poor struggling student, and the flame burned within me. Often and often have I trembled with excitement on a Sunday afternoon over "Clifton Grove; a Sketch in Verse," or a "Letter to his Brother Neville." I began to understand, or rather to appreciate, the power of words: I wrote verses! I determined to learn French, and Greek, and Latin, and what not besides! What might I not do,—what might I not become? Until now, I had been undecided in what way to employ my superfluous energies,—(for, wonderful to say, do what you will with a young constitution, you cannot "use up" the elasticity of a young heart);—whether to initiate a great revolution on Hampstead Heath, with no definite object: whatever, or to sail down the New River till I discovered a fresh continent, or to fire up all my thoughts to preparations for marrying *Lotty* by the time I should arrive at a mature age—say fifteen or sixteen. But at last, my future was clear; a new hope had arisen upon my path; a distant glory invited me, and already I called it mine!

And all this from "Kirke White's Remains." The consumptive student wrote:—

Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh, none. Another busy brood of being
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink,
As sinks a stranger in the busy streets
Of crowded London.
A few inquiries, and the crowds close in
And all's forgotten!

He was mistaken. He is remembered gratefully by thousands, who know perfectly well that his poetry is feeble, and his criticism and philosophy feeblier still; but who owe him a large debt of thankfulness, because he lived a life, as well as wrote fifth-rate verses, and made a hero of Capel Loft. He is remembered gratefully by me, because he changed a melancholy errand-boy into a glowingly happy aspirant by showing him something worth living for. I seldom turn to his "poems," but I am never tired of the struggles of the poor student; of hearing how dear he found tea and sugar; how his *gyp* used to cheat him in the matter of candles and bring him "*foes*;" how he used to "make two coats a year serve, and yet contrive to maintain a respectable,—nay, a genteel appearance;" how he had bought a "hair mattress, just as comfortable as a bed, for only four pounds, along with blankets, counterpane, pillows, etc.;" and how "WILLIAM LESON, of Clare Hall, at a time when * * *

could not find a single evening to devote to his sick friend, staid with him *every* evening, cheered and counselled him, gave him his medicines, and put him to bed." O, William Leson, some time of Clare Hall, if you are yet in the flesh, and this "should meet your eye," know that you were remembered by at least one pilgrim to St. John's, Cambridge, on a bright autumn evening towards the middle of this nineteenth century!

Now, Dreamer, on my word, you are growing increasingly sentimentally absurd and regardless of probabilities. Consider what a number of incidents must concur before words of yours could meet the eye of William Leson. Let us see. Kirke White died in 1806, and it is now—Pshaw!

It was, I distinctly recollect, on a very cold Sunday night in November, when my mother, not long home from chapel, was sitting in deep conversation with my father before a small fire. A young Irishman, "studying for the ministry" at a Dissenting Academy, had been pleased with me, and had lent me "Butler's Analogy," which I was laboriously reading in the chimney-corner, by the glimmering light.

"I am sure," said my mother,—"quite sure he had better go."

"Well," replied my father, "perhaps he had: but 'a rolling stone gathers no moss.'"

"Willy—the gentleman who lent you that book has got you a situation in a lawyer's office, if you'd like to go."

Of course, I "liked to go."

"And when you have time in the evenings, he says he'll help you with your Latin."

That was the overflowing drop in my cup of happiness. I did not get to sleep that Sunday night without tears; and tossed about, restless and feverish, till morning.

I had been a whole year at Mr. Mac—'s, and little Mary had so pursued me with kindnesses that I had, almost against my will, contracted a sort of brotherly feeling for her. It was not without hesitation and nervousness that I told her I was going. She made large eyes, and turned very red. There was a disagreeable pause. Was it far off? And what sort of people should I be with, all day? Oh, genteel people: she was glad of that. And how much was I to have a-week? Six shillings! But then I should have to keep myself? Oh, yes! she had forgotten,—I should soon "know" French and Latin, and get ever so much more. And if my father and mother were going back into the country, where should I go of nights? Oh, Mrs. Turrell was to get me a lodging close by, and to look after me; and mother was to send her up some money when she could.

I said Mrs. Turrell would most likely seek out some lodging in the neighborhood for me, and that I should be sure to see her pretty frequently.

The day before my mother went back to E—, after many counsels, a few tears, and prayer more fervent and solemn than usual, she said that as I should now see more of the world, and

hear a good many things—and lawyers came to know strange secrets—she wished I would remember about Charlotte Shorland's uncle George; and if I *should*—it was impossible to tell—but if I *should* hear about anybody whose history was like his, I was to write home directly and let them know. The history of this "Uncle George" was familiar to me, as far as his relatives knew it. Fourteen years ago, he had wooed and won a young lady with a little money; had left E—, and been lost sight of in the great whirlpool of London; had never written to his connections, whose last news of him were that he had deserted his wife, and gone abroad. That was all. He was a wild, worthless fellow, and my mother's anxieties were for the wife, and not for him.

I used to see little Mary—gradually growing into tall, thin Mary—pretty frequently, as I had supposed I should. But I was now placed among people who affected gentility, and considered it degrading to carry a parcel. Gradually I became a "pervert," and embraced the creed which is summed up in the word *Respectability*. I began to look down upon my good friend Mr. Turrell; I aspired to a better lodging; I felt shy of noticing Mary when I met her in the street in Saturday attire, carrying perhaps some light article of grocery which the errand-boy had forgotten. One fine evening, when numbers of smart people were about, I met her bearing a pound of rushlights and a bundle of wood. This was too much! My wages had that very day been raised to twelve-and-sixpence per week, and—beast that I was!—I passed her. I felt that she turned red in the face; my own burned with shame; I dashed into the crowd, and roamed about miserably till very late. What with self-disgust, and what with self-questioning, and wondering whether Mary would drown herself, and what my mother would say if she knew of my meanness, and how I should manage to say my prayers after being guilty of that unkindness,—I passed one of the most utterly wretched evenings of my life.

The next day was Sunday; and soothed by the calm of the season, and softened by the ringing of the bells all around, I suddenly felt, just about church-time, as if I must write to Lotty. But then I should like to take all day over it, and be very particular; and to do that, I should have to stay at home from chapel,—which was not to be reconciled with my notions of duty or my promise to my mother. After a long mental struggle, in which I remember I proved myself a sad casuist, I decided to stay in-doors and write the letter, which I did in some such stiff, hard, uncomfortable, concealed style as this; not condescending to translate my grand *delectus* quotations, and fully persuaded that I was inditing a model epistle:—

My dear Miss Charlotte,

Felix qui potuit verum cognoscere causas, but I do not know the cause of my long silence, or of yours. The world around is shrouded in mystery wherever we look.

"Throughout this air, this ocean, and this earth!" I sincerely trust you are enjoying every felicity in E—, and should be too happy, believe me, to see

you once more; but the decrees of fate are immutable, and I cannot quit this bustling scene. My pursuits are now of a different character from what they were, and my salary has been increased to 12s. 6d. per week, owing to my translating some proceedings in the Royal Court of St. Lucia, out of French into English; and to my copying a plan from a Deed in a very satisfactory manner. I am sure you will felicitate me upon my success, and will accept this good intelligence as a substitute for an epistle treating, as is usual in epistolary correspondence, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. Will you please hand the enclosure to my mother and beg your father and mother, and all friends, to accept my best regards.

I am, my dear Miss Charlotte,

Affectionately and faithfully yours,

After making this "exhibition" of myself, my sensations improved for a while, and I began to indulge reflections depreciatory of Mary, and justificatory of my own conduct in terminating our acquaintance so rudely. That acquaintance had all turned upon the mere accident of my being an errand-boy in her father's shop for a year, and only suppose that accident had never taken place?

"Softly, softly," said an inward whisper, "who talks of accidents? Your mother has taught you to believe in *Providence*—and you do believe in it!"—And little Mary had been very kind to me.

Yes, she had, and I had given her a needle-case. And I didn't want her kindness either. I was in love with Lotty, whose hair curled much better than Mary's.

"O hard, hard heart! for shame!" said the inward whisper.

Well, what was the use of fretting? The thing was done, and could not be undone. I would send her some present, without letting her know whom it came from.

"Mean, mean, mean! Go, and beg her pardon directly, if you want peace in your soul," said my good angel.

That was impossible. Why, if I did that, she would speak to me some day, perhaps, with a can of oil in her hand; and how could I bear that! Out of the question!

I terminated that discussion, but could not silence suggestions of a disturbing kind which crowded thick and fast into my mind that Sunday night,—a night ever memorable in my history. Memorable, because it was then that I was forced distinctly to recognize for the first time the fact that my boyhood was gone for ever, with all its comparative purity of heart and mind, its readiness to obey right impulses, its uncalculating simplicity. I felt, with bitterness and self-disgust, that I had become a hair-splitting trifler with duty; that I could not only sacrifice gratitude and friendship to a small regard for appearances, but that I could clothe myself in sophistry and defy conscience when it pricked me for my wrong-doing. There was a cloud hanging between me and high Heaven, and though I said my prayers, as usual, before lying down, it was entirely without that consciousness that my voice reached the Throne, which alone can make prayer delightful.

Perhaps one ought not to flinch from dwelling upon a period so important to his culture as that of adolescence,—the space between boyhood and early maturity. But I confess that whenever my recollections of that period assume distinctness and life, I endeavor to put them down, and to think of something else. Very silly things, no doubt, one says, writes, and does, between fifteen and twenty; but as I was, on the whole, an earnest and very industrious person during the interval in question, I can scarcely see why it is that I turn with such aversion from any vivid recollections of those five years of undoubted growth in what was good and desirable.

Perhaps it is because the period of adolescence is that of *aspiration*, and I feel how pitifully short of all "*aspiration*" is the paltry performance that has followed!

V.

I have to-day been turning over some detached papers of Lotty's, and there is certainly much in them to remind me of her German descent by her mother's side. Without headings, or mottoes, or morals of any kind, I find such fragments as these;—

(I.)

"Mother, mother!" said Ida, with flashing eyes and clasped fingers, "he is coming! he will be here in a quarter of an hour!"

"Impossible, child!" said the silver-haired mother of the prettiest maid of the valley—"impossible that he should return alone, and so suddenly."

"But, mother, I saw him plainly, crossing the bridge that spans the ravine; his form stood out dark and distinct as he seemed to walk over the disc of the full-moon, and his armor sparkled in the rays as he disappeared. We shall see him in a few minutes!"

Now, the lover did not come to the valley, neither in few minutes, nor in many hours; nor in weary, weary days, nor in the dark, long winter months. The spring-birds came and sang, and the summer was bright and beautiful, and the corn-fields were brown once more, and Ida was pining and sad; for the harvest-moon rose large and round over against the bridge that spanned the ravine, just as it had risen when she saw the form of her lover walk across its red-gold disc a year before; and Ida, looking forth from her window, saw not the form of her lover again, though the war was over and finished, and many lovers had come back to the valley to the maids of their choice and their vows.

But tidings came to Ida and her mother that the long-lost and long-wept one had died of his wounds, a prisoner in a strange land, a whole year ago. Then Ida knew that the form she had seen against the disc of the red full-moon was a vision, and a token that her lover was dead. And she bowed her head upon the shoulder of her mother.

The next day there was rain in the valley, which continued till high sunset. And Ida sat with her mother at the open window, for soft

south west airs were blowing, as the rain still fell, very gently.

Suddenly, Ida clapped her long, thin white hands together, and cried aloud—

"See, mother, see what a beautiful rainbow over the ravine! Oh, mother!"

And she fixed her eyes upon the rainbow long and earnestly, till the beautiful colors began to pale, slowly, slowly, against the evening sky. Then she said, whisperingly, but very clearly and passionately—

"I come, Heinrich, for thou callest me! Mother, hope in God!"

And she sank yet again upon the shoulder of her mother. And when her mother looked at Ida, the color was gone from her cheeks and her lips, and all the light from her heavenly blue eyes. And when she looked at the sky, the rainbow also was gone.

But the rain and the clouds went away, and the sun sank down in purple and gold, and soon the white stars came out in the firmament, and the bereaved mother said—

"I will hope in God!"

(II.)

Seated each in a beautiful bark of rich workmanship, that floated with the current and needed no impulse from oar or sail, a youth and a maiden met upon an open stream. And the youth bade the maiden hail, and she smiled over the edge of her boat, and they floated down the river side by side, with much loving speech, and tender songs, that were echoed from the bright green banks. Overhead, was the blue heaven; underneath, the sparkling water; on either side, far-stretching plains skirted by sloping woods, above which stood the hills in the gray distance.

The youth and the maiden were crowned with garlands of bright flowers; and by-and-bye, the youth flung his wreath into the boat of the maiden, who wove that and her own into one large beautiful band, and threw an end of it over to the boat of her companion. Eagerly he seized and kissed it; and so keeping their barks side by side, and united by a band of flowers, they swam down the stream together.

They had not gone very far in this manner, when the golden laburnum, and purple lilac, and cream-and-pink flowered chestnut trees were displaced, on the left-hand side of the stream, which was the maiden's side, by darkling cedars overhanging the banks, and the shadow of a cypress fell suddenly upon her brow. Still they smiled and sang; though their songs were sadder, and there was a melancholy tenderness in their smiles.

Suddenly the stream descended into a lower bed, and then became forked; on the left hand, it swept silently, awfully down, and crept, all black and dark, into a thick cedar forest in whose glooms no wandering sunshine might lose itself; on the right, with a turbulent, thundering fall, it dashed along under willows that drooped into the foam, till its noise subsided in the distance into a plaintive murmur.

As the two boats neared the descent, the band

of flowers snapped, and both ends were dropped into the stream by hands unnerved and trembling. The youth and maiden exchanged one long, long, wistful look, as the maiden's boat plunged down the left-hand slope, and disappeared with its precious burthen, under the embracing cedars, into night and silence. The youth bent his head upon his bosom, and was lost for a time under the trailing willows. When he emerged at length from their shade into the day, his forehead was pale, and his lips were compressed.

(III.)

It was foolish to complain that he had lived for nothing, for there were witnesses waiting to confound and silence him.

Said the Meadow-flower—"I breathed in his face, and saw his refreshed and gladdened look, as I breathed."

Said the Meadow-brook—"I sparkled and leapt as I ran by him, and I saw him stoop, pleased and curious, to peep at the white, smooth pebbles over which I rippled on."

Said the South-wind—"I shook the brown leaves from the trees, and sent strains of wild music through the boughs; and I know that he listened, delighted, to the melody, and paused to gather sweet lessons from the dropped foliage."

Said the Stars—"We smiled down into his very heart, night after night, and he called us Beautiful."

Said the Sea—"I saw him watch me enraptured when I curled my green waves into foam, and I murmured in his ear, as he walked the beach, things that he would almost have died to re-word."

So the Court wisely dismissed the case; because these witnesses made it clear that if he had lived for nothing, it was his own fault.

The last fragment reminds me of some verses of my dreamy friend which he once repeated to me. I wonder whether I can remember them:—

"Vanity all!" said Uncontent,
Knitting his brow, as he gloomily went;
"Tis guilt and folly—'tis change and pain—
The world's a riddle, and life is vain!"—

Then voices came to him, answering plain:

False! in the sky sang the luminous Spheres,
Shining calmly on for thousands of years;
False! said the Sea, with a conqueror's pride,
As he rolled up the shore the returning tide.

False! said the golden Furze on the heath;
False! said the tapering Fern beneath;
False rang the Blue-bells in musical chime,
Borne on the breath of the trodden thyme.

False! said the Sun, as his setting beam
Slanted over a capital built by a stream,
Where were fair, kind women, and brave, good men,
Who knew that he sank but to rise again.

False! said Childhood, gambolling nigh:
False! said Youth, with dilated eye:
False! said Love, with defiant breath,
False! said Faith, smiling sweetly at Death.

"Vanity all! my word was true,"
Said Uncontent, by the churchyard yew.
False! cried the Flowers on the churchyard sod;
In the shadow of Death bloom smiles of God!

VI.

Those verses my friend repeated to me one bitter January evening, when we were all crowding round the fire together,—he and I, and Lotty and Mary,—at my lodgings. Very merry we were, my darling especially, and I had actually accomplished in a hurried whisper that evening, what I had been striving in vain to accomplish by all the varied enginery that a waiting lover could invent, during the two previous months. I had got her to name a day in February for our marriage.

It was true, I could hardly trust my hearing. For it was remarkable that in proportion as my own mind recovered its elasticity, after the death of my mother, Lotty appeared to sink deeper and deeper into the shade of a melancholy which, while it steadied the light of her dear eyes, and seemed to take something from the dance of her curls, surrounded her with an atmosphere of sacredness under which she was removed,—so said my imagination,—to a daily increasing distance from me. Every time I saw her, something paler, something lovelier, something holier—she often awed me into repose, even when my heart yearned over her. Not unfrequently, when preparing to give her the embrace of an old playmate and long-betrothed lover, I have paused for a moment, and then pressed her hand and kissed her forehead as a brother might, saying only, "Dear Lotty!" This evening, however, she had been thoroughly human, and girlishly gay. It was old-fashioned Lotty come back again! Before we parted that night, we piled all the chairs into a corner, wheeled the table aside, and danced till we were tired,—long as it takes to tire young couples who are in spirits and in health.

When we set out at last, Harry and I, to see the two ladies home, it was quite late, and we tripped along over the frosty, sometimes icy ground, with ringing and hasty steps. How clearly the stars sparkled that midnight, and how deliciously the fresh breeze came upon our warm cheeks as we passed the common! Harry and Mary were walking first, and seemed busy and happy enough in their talk, turning round to me and Lotty now and then, to say something cheerful.

"I am very glad you have introduced him to her, said Lotty; "they seem really pleased with each other. Suppose now—you know Willey?"

"Not many things would delight me more," I replied; "I don't think it would be easy to find a pair who are better adapted for happiness or more deserving of it. Harry's a capital fellow; and as for Mary, why, I've told you all about her,—and about her pot-boy adorer."

"Ah! I give you fair warning, I shall do all I can to get her married, and I'm not quite sure I ought not to be a little jealous of her."

"What are you talking about, and giggling at?" said Harry, looking back.

"O," said I, "we're only playing other people's game of life for them, and laughing at the moves."

"Ah! excellent people, I dare say; but you shan't play ours for us; we mean to do it all ourselves, and no connection with the house behind us—don't we?" addressing his arm-in-arm companion.

"I think," said she, turning half-round over his shoulder—"I think they're too late for the current year; arrangements are always made twelve months in advance."

When we left Mary and Lotty at their door, I watched Harry with some nervousness and with minute attention. Mary had subsided into her usual quietude of manner, and allowed him, I fancied, to hold her hand longer than was conventional. "I wish," cried I, quite suddenly—"I wish the custom of kissing ladies' hands were universal in society."

"So do I!" exclaimed Harry. "Ladye bright, permit your slave . . . !"

"There's somebody coming!" cried Lotty.

But "somebody coming" in that quiet, suburban neighborhood would have made a premonitory noise.

"Now, Sir," continued she to me, closing the garden-gate upon us, "you've had your kiss—you've kissed my hand, according to the 'custom which you wished universal in society'—so, good night and go home like a good boy. Mr. —, mind he don't go making slides on the footpath, please!"

"Please, Lotty dear!—*please* now! It was only your glove, you know—not your hand!—*Please, Lotty!*"

So she ran down the path, and put her lips through the railings.

Harry was very silent as we walked back; I on the contrary, was talkative beyond my wont, and kept up a pretty brisk monologue.

"There's very little to see in snow; and yet how pleased we are with it, year after year! What a miserable, cramped, half-blighted sort of existence we all drag out, Harry! How fine it is to be in the open air! But it's quite *hors de règle* to be abroad at this time of morning, and shocking to kiss girls in the street, even if it's a street of detached villas far from the smoke and the crowd! I don't believe it's the thing to caution lovers—By Jove! there's some one playing a chamber-organ now!—to caution lovers against any manifestations of tenderness to each other in what is called "company,"—or married couples either. A perfectly natural behavior, where there is only ordinary good taste, *must* be charming and proper. Folks don't know what delicacy is. There's nothing indelicate in a nude Venus; but put on her a pair of stockings—Some one ill over there, I suppose, by the bright light, and the flickering of the fire against the window curtain. Perhaps, though, it's only a confinement."

"How you talk!" said Harry, half laughing.

"Talk, yes!" I am like the vinous Greek to whom Lambro was referred for information about the feasting and fiddling. I "like to hear myself converse." Something very chaste about that Ionic portico to the church, but what a de-

testable steeple! Bother the steeples—except in Gothic. No, thank you, Cabby; here's our door."

"I say, my boy!" exclaimed Harry, as I turned the key, "I've been thinking that that little woman—"

By this time we were inside the room, and before a blazing fire. Not lighting a candle immediately, I said—

"Which woman?"

"There's only one woman, Will: the other's an angel, a fairy, a child, a bird, a sunbeam, a what shall I say? Have the gods made her poetical?"

"The gods have done more and better: they have made her poetry. But she is a woman," said I, looking abstractedly at a cast of the Virgin and Child on which the firelight came and went; "You never saw her tending a sick, a dying bed!"

"No; it would make me tremble for her heart-strings."

"Make you WHAT?" I called out—"it would make you kneel, half-adoring!"

"Well you needn't holla so. I think you look rather frightened; let me light the candle."

"No, no. Let me see; it's only half past two; tell me a bloody ghost-story, and then we'll go to bed happy."

"Well, I will. I have not been so far down this road since I went to M—, ten miles farther, to see a cricket match. At least that was my ostensible object; in point of fact I only wanted a day's laziness, and the cricket-match was as good an excuse for a nice trip, as anything else. So I went, and saw the cricket-match, and chatted in a parlor of the inn till late, and then recollected that I had not engaged my bed. On summoning the landlord I was told that every bed was taken. As, however, the man spoke with some reserve, I suspected an *arrière pensée*, and looking at him as penetratingly as I could, under the influence of two or three "goes" of brandy-and-water—quite a debauch for me, you know—I said—

"*Every bed taken?*"

"Yessir; such a lot of people come to see the match from the villages round about, the beds is all took, but one which looks right into the church-yard!"

"Excellent!" said I; "I'm of a serious turn of mind, and at this very moment, I'm trying to find a house with a look-out over a cemetery."

"Very good; he would have the sheets aired at once."

But when my gentleman had left the room, my neighbor in the arm-chair, whose "goes" had been uncounted, and I believe, uncountable, and who was fast growing maudlin, laid his hand upon my arm affectionately, and half-smothering me in the smoke from his pipe, said, in the thick accents of a "muzzed" man—

"I say, Sir—you're a friend, you are; a pertickler friend; you're a jolly goo' feller, that's what you are!"

"And so say all of us!" was murmured round the table.

"You're a jolly goo' feller, an' a friend, and as such—"

"Cernly, as such," said a man with his chin on his shirt-front.

"Don't interrupt a gentlman, Bob! As such I'll give you a piece of advice. Don't you sleep in that room!!!"—laying his fore-finger ominously on my waistcoat.

"Good gracious, why not?"

"Never you mind—*don't*—of so be you'll take a friend's advice. Ef not, in course—"

"But come now, as a friend, you know; you're a jolly fellow, you are; as a *friend*, you might as well tell?"

"Then, don't preach to the landlord. *There was a gentlman cut his throat in that very room, an' the stains o' the blood isn't out of the floor yet!*"

"You don't say so?"

"Yes; he was treated unkind by a young lady livin' near Igh Park, and when she 'eard of 'is 'orrible end, she went and drowned 'erself in the Serpentine without saying with your leave or by your leave to nobody!"

"Well; that's a melancholy story, but why shouldn't I sleep in the room, because a poor fellow once cut his throat there? I might as well say I wouldn't walk by the Serpentine, because the girl drowned herself there."

"In course, it's *as* you please, Sir—onny as a friend, an' a jolly goo' feller, I thought I was obligated to let you know; and now I aint responsible for no consequences!"

"O dear no," said I—"good night, gentlemen,"—for the landlord entered to say all was ready.

"The little room was at the top of the house, and certainly commanded a fine view of the church burying-ground—"

"God's acre!" said I, interrupting Harry—

"God's acre!"

"Will," he resumed, "are you talking in your sleep? You don't seem half listening. The clouds had gathered thickly about the moon, and in the changing light and shade, the white gravestone had a very solemnizing effect, to say nothing—"

"Each in his narrow cell, for ever laid, the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," said I, with shut eyes, again interrupting. "Go on, Harry."

"To say nothing of the mysterious whispering—of the ivy that had grown round the old-fashioned window, and said weird things as it was stirred by the wind, which flapped the white hangings to and fro and guttered the candle; while I dipped into "*Drelinecourt on Death*," which lay upon the little mantelpiece. But I'm not superstitions, Will, am I? And what with "*Drelinecourt*," and what with the flap, flap, flap of the curtain, and the murmur, murmur, murmur, of the ivy—"

"And at her window, shrieking thrice, the raven flapped his wing!" I repeated, under my breath.

"Perhaps you'd like to tell the story yourself, Will?—What with one thing and another, I got very sleepy, and when the candle was at last whiffed out, I lay down and dropped off."

"Presently, I was awake by a sound which does not belong to bedrooms, when people are in health and haven't got the night-mare, and which I took for a moan, or a groan. I remem-

bered that I had forgotten to look into a cupboard in a corner and under the bed; but I was now seized with a superstitious, fit, and could n't get my head far above the bed-clothes anyhow. The wind had got up, and was howling away to its heart's content, and, after a little reflection, I dragged myself to the conclusion that it was the wind I had heard. But I could not get to sleep again, and lay wearied out, and half-dozing, in a very miserable manner.

"At last, I heard an unmistakable human voice, unmistakably in the room, and unmistakably indicative of discomfort, not to say pain and horror. At the time, I regarded it as a groan; at this moment, I can afford to be exact, and should describe it as a grunt. It was several times repeated, and at the last repetition, my bed received a slight jerk, and a tall figure crept from under it, and stood erect before me. There were stains of blood upon its face, its hands, and its linen. It caught my eye, and sprung back against the chamber-wall, with a long, long groan of horror!

"Oh—oh—oh? Who are you?" was the question addressed to me in low and trembling accents.

Thus appealed to, I thought truth, and truth yielded promptly, the best policy; so I said—

"I am Henry H—, on a visit to M—, and they put me in this room to sleep. Who, and What art Thou?"

"I'm a workin' cooper, by the name of Muggins, and I beg a thousand pardins for bein' here. Aint I in the harnted room, whgre the man cut his throat?" was the Being's answer; and I not only breathed again, but breathed rather savagely. In the course of a short cross examination, I elicited that Muggins had had a fight on the bowling-green at the back of the inn; had got the worst of it, which accounted for his sanguinary appearance; had been ferociously followed up by Buggins, or Juggins, or whomsoever thrashed him; had given him the slip, and sought safety in the haunted room, people about the inn being all too busy to hear a stray sound in the general clatter; had fallen asleep, being drunk; and had awoke in time to frighten me half-out of my senses. There! There's your ghost-story, blood included. Now we'll go to bed happy, as you observed."

"Thank you, Harry," said I. "But you were going to make some remark, or ask some question about Lotty's companion?"

"Yes; I was going to ask if there was not something singular about her history, and if she had a sweetheart?"

"No sweetheart that I know of," I replied: "and as to her history, it is a little singular, and I'll tell it you at breakfast-to-morrow morning."

So ended one of the pleasantest evenings of my life. But I do not expect Harry thought I should remember his ghost-story, and put it down in my dream-book, or in any other. I shall show it to him the first time he calls.

VII.

I am glad to find the good Doctor alive and well, but his handwriting reminds me very pain-

fully of the last occasion on which I had anything like a long letter from him. Then, he wrote to beg that I would use my best influence again to induce Lotty to come to London, and that I would amuse and interest her for a while, in every possible way, after her arrival. She had made up her mind that her heart was diseased, and was by no means satisfied with the old gentleman's assurance that there was nothing wrong beyond a little functional derangement, if even that. "Never mind, my dear Sir," said he, in his letter to me, "never mind how merry a life she leads for a time; get her even to be dissipated, if you can. Try and eradicate this idea from her mind, and after a while, when her spirits are restored, I dare say she would accompany a friend to some London physician famous in chest complaints, who, I know, would confirm my judgment. Though she is almost childish at times, it is easy to see that *her character is traversed by a deeply-flowing current of serious feeling, which is now overpassing all bounds, and laying waste, instead of fertilizing.* (Rather nicely expressed that, I thought, at the time I read the letter, and I think so still). If you will permit me to say so much, as an old friend of this dear young lady's family, I would add that your contemplated union could not take place too soon for her well-being. The responsibilities of a new and interesting position will make another creature of her; and we have all seen enough of her to be certain that the best way to divert her thoughts from herself, is to make her feel daily and hourly that she has in charge the happiness of another. It would be a dangerous *ruse* to fall poorly yourself; but can't you find out a blind orphan-girl, whom she might take an interest in, and teach all she could learn? Anything of that sort, you know, and *cheerful society, when she is not occupied.* P. S. You have doubtless understood that rumors have found their way to E—— to the effect that George Shorland's wife is dead."

This letter gave me many a fear, and many a pang; for then, as now, I had infinitely greater faith in the intuitions of delicate natures like my darling's, than in scientific observation and "deduction." If she thought her heart was diseased, there was a clear case for alarm,—clear to me, I mean. And coupling her impression (of which she had written me not a word) with the cautious tenderness with which she had warded off, if I may say so, all my recent allusions to our marriage, I found enough to make me an unhappy man for many hours. Upon careful reflection, however, it seemed rather absurd in me to set up the mere fancy of a sensitive and highly impressible, if not highly imaginative girl, against the positive assertions of an experienced medical man, deeply interested in his patient; and I became more cheerful. Of course I wrote to Lotty,—wrote long, pleading letters, three posts running; and on the fourth day, by which time I had made inquiries for lodgings, and could lay my finger upon nice quarters at an hour's warning, I saw a cab drive up, very early in the morning, to that end of the street which adjoined the main thoroughfare. I had just finished breakfast, and taken up the pencil in a

careless mood, peeping out of the window every now and then for the postman. I thought the driver hesitated, and was going to turn back; so slipping on my cap, I walked a step into the street. A female head appeared outside the cab-door, and recognizing my sister, I did two things at once, which perhaps made me ridiculous in the eyes of cabby, and some of the neighbors who were looking from their windows: I beckoned and ran ahead, all in a breath; so that I had to walk a few yards by the side of the vehicle till it reached the door of my lodgings. My darling was inside, surely enough; and I had her hand in mine in five seconds.

Paying the cabman some fabulous sum, with which he drove off in a triumphant fury, I soon had Lotty and my sister on the sofa, and rang for hot coffee and more rolls. Then my cheeks burned, and my heart beat wildly for joy! Very silly, but so it was! I took off my sister's shawl, to make a show of disinterested politeness, and forthwith proceeded to play lady's maid to Lotty. I unbuttoned her gloves; I loosened her scarf; I lingered over the handkerchief round her neck; I shouted a frantic and inopportune "Come in!" to the maid at the door, with the fresh coffee, who tapped just as I had tied the dear one's bonnet-strings into a knot, and had kissed her for the —th time! I did not end of foolish things! I seized the tray, as soon as the door opened; I bade the girl "Be off!" with vindictive vehemence; I spilt the coffee over a water-color sketch that I had been taking infinite pains with. I coffeed the milk, and slopped the sugar-bowl. I shouted "Ain't we happy!" in an attitude that would not have disgraced a Chocktaw warrior rushing on the foe; and cut my finger seizing a knife by the blade.

"There's an end of your drawing and writing for a week, Willy."

"Writing? drawing? Fiddle-sticks! We're going to see everything this week!"

"But we can't walk about enough to see everything," said my sister.

"Pooh," cried I; "we'll have millions and billions of cabs and Bath chairs!"

"Don't flourish your knife about so, Willy dear," said Lotty. "Let me come and tie your hands down, and Sis and I can butter the rolls!"

But there was not only rolls to be buttered,—there was a lodging to be found for my visitors, or rather to be fixed upon; and after they had breakfasted and told me all the news of the old folks, and other friends in E——, which had not reached me in letters, we sallied forth and made our arrangements in a very short time. Lotty was charmed with the very first place to which I took her, and we engaged the rooms at once. They were within half a mile of my own, so that frequent communication was easy.

After a day or two, when the excitement consequent upon her arrival in London and meeting me again had gone off, I noticed not only that she was paler and very slightly thinner than when I had last seen her, but that she was in the habit of lapsing gently into a dreamy melancholy, whenever conversation flagged or occu-

pation was not forthcoming. She said nothing of her heart; and her knowledge of the doctor's letter was confined to the fact that he had written, saying change of scene would do her good, and begging me to urge upon her a trip to town, and a short stay.

I made it my very first business to see that her reading was appropriately selected; that is, that her books were of a lively cast, and yet such as to afford food for reflective tendencies which I knew she would and must indulge at any cost. She did not require many books,—being in the habit of reading the same volume over and over a great number of times; and few indeed were the "light" works of the last fifty years which had the power to win her from "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the best portions of the "Spectator,"—particularly those passages which she used playfully to call the "Coverley Picture Gallery." For "The Vicar of Wakefield" she had a positive passion; and she often said, that as a choice and powerful perfume in a housewife's cabinet drove away moths, so to wear such a book near the heart drove away evil thoughts, and kept it sweet and pure.

I made an attempt, at her own request, to teach her to draw, and to paint in water colors; but it was with very imperfect success. She was amusingly impatient of elementary processes. "Couldn't I show her how to paint a ship in a storm, with red jagged lightning? Why mustn't she draw that little boy we met in the park, with the curls all down his back? O, she had such a sweet subject for her next study! It was Undine rising from the fountain, when she went to weep her husband to death! Mightn't she do a snowy landscape, with a pine forest, and the aurora borealis, to-morrow?" And so on. It was in vain that I preached to the dear girl of patient Poussin, and Domenichino, nicknamed "The Ox," and laborious marble-chippers. But when I happened one day to quote Lavater's observation, that "phlegm is the characteristic of the mere artist," she threw down the pencil with vivacity, and cried out, "Then I shall never be an artist! Teach me something else, Willy dear!"

Forsaking artistry, we took to long, rambling walks about London,—walks which my patient's saddened remoteness of mood frequently converted into "sentimental journeys," never to be forgotten. As we stood looking at an engraving in a print-shop window, or passed with half-averted eyes a *cul-de-sac* of darkness and squalor,—or were passed by an exquisitely "got up" clergyman, with a hard-lined, unsympathizing face and dead-cold eyes,—or were dodged by a crossing-sweeper, intent on coppers,—or run against by a tattered "London sparrow," dashing furiously forward to "old yer'uss, sir,"—in Charles Lamb's motley Strand, and in Mother Holborn,—she often startled me by comments, which, while quite human in their tenderness, seemed in other respects made from the point of view of a young angel, who had been sent down to observe and gather wisdom from sorrow and sorrowful things in this planet of wanderers from the good and the beautiful, but who was well

assured that her stay was only short; that she would never have to mingle intimately with the strange crowd, or trail her white robes through the gutters of "civilized" abomination.

One day, she informed me with some animation that she had found in a near neighbor, a very young widow, who needed consolation and companionship; and that she meant to bestow both upon the bereaved one, who was "a very dear creature indeed." Here then, I thought, is a point gained; the young widow will do instead of the "blind girl" suggested by the doctor, and my darling will soon become absorbed in her offices of comforter and companion, so that she must, at last, by degrees, resume her gayer self;—for how should melancholy console grief? Alas, alas! I ought to have known more of the human heart. The mourner found the very balm she wanted in the saintly, half-plaintive seriousness of her friends prevailing mood; and the kind, ever-watchful friend, finding she was listened to, understood, and loved, did not stint the balm. I said to my heart, Will the fairy-like, almost romping Lotty, of my old, old love never return and stay with me? Sometimes she reappeared,—flashed out should I say?—for a brief space, and I would seize my darling's hand, and renew a broken speech of the consummation of our well-tried loves. Then came sweet smiles and sweet words of delay and excuse, and while smiles and words were sinking into my soul, the vision changed, and there was a celestial atmosphere around "a bright particular star" that I almost feared to woo! And the syllables faltered upon my tongue if I tried to say, Come down from the mountain, O beautiful one, and let us pluck the flower in the valley once again.

VIII.

It was growing late in the summer, and my sister was on the point of going back to E—; whether Lotty was to accompany her was not settled. Returning, rather late one evening, from a visit to their lodgings, I found myself on the very skirts of the fair at C—, and, with a professional feeling, plunged into the crowd, sure of finding memorable faces and droll incidents, food perhaps for both pencil and pen: I had, in fact, been very idle of late, and my funds were becoming low. There was a remarkably beautiful moonlight sky overhead, and I marvelled at the lowness of culture which could permit "people"—human beings of real flesh and blood, with undeniable ears, eyes, and souls—to crowd, and moil, and swelter, by the thousand, in a reeking atmosphere, listening to the most discordant noises, and gazing at the ugliest possible sights, eating and drinking the most equivocal things, using and hearing worse than equivocal language, elbowing, bruising, trampling, screaming, cursing,—and call it pleasure! And repeat the process year after year, and believe in it! And teach the dear little children to "go and do likewise!" This, and more, I marvelled at, as I had marvelled before, and have marvelled since. Close by were green fields, with hedge-rows in which the pinky blackberry flowers were dying off, and the convolvulus was beginning to peep

out; and yet there was swarthy-dressed working men who were dragging their wives and sweethearts wearily through this filthy crowd,—and under such a sky too! I covered my face with my hands in unmeasured disgust, and when I raised my head again, my eyes fell upon the brutalized countenance of an unsexed mother, and the white, sleepy cheeks of a six-months' babe in her arms, around whom, if any "heaven lay" at that moment, it was an oasis of a heaven in a howling wilderness of detestabilities. I had nearly made up my mind, in bitterness and unbelief, to expunge the word "millennium" from my vocabulary altogether, when I grew amused and smiling against my will, as I approached a quarter of the fair which was apparently haunted by the Muses and the Graces, and devoted to the diffusion of useful and elegant information. There I beheld a Theatrical Booth, with a proscenium showing the counterfeit presentment of Shakspeare himself, and an inscription of the lines in "*The Tempest*," beginning—"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples," etc. There I beheld a show appropriated to Roman History, with a surmounting picture of the "Rape of the Sabines," in which the dames were buxom, and the gowns were red, beyond the wildest dream of a Rubens. Finally, I beheld, with wide open and attentive eyes, TURREL'S MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF ARTS

AND SCIENCES. Admissⁿ 1d

Monsear (sic) Forgett will brake with his fist the hardest peace of granite, pebble, or flint, showing the WONDERS OF NATURE!!!

ONLY 1d.

In front, dancing, in a manner which would not have disgraced a better stage on a *globe roulant* was the identical Bob whom I had known as assistant pot-boy at the "Robin Hood and Princess Charlotte" years ago. As often as he found the performance tiring, he paused, unfolded his arms, and assuming the attitude—if not "tipping the wink—of invitation," and, in that "old familiar" voice which had unsuccessfully essayed soft nothings upon poor little Mary.

"Now, then! Ladies and gents! Jest going to begin! Walk up, walk up, walk up! Step up, if you please, and witness the performances of the Hinfant Kean, which will begin for to commence for to proceed, forthwith, at once, emejently, without delay, and upon the spot, in a round of his celebrated and extra-super-confastigating Shaksperiarian characters! Now, Mr. Merryman, sound the gong, Sir, will yer? Walk up, gents! Oney a penny to witness the Hinfant Kean!"

Then I shuddered! If Mrs. Turrell, said an internal whisper, had caught me two or three years sooner, she'd have turned me into an Infant Kean. Perhaps, even hobbledehoy as I was, she had designs upon me, poor unsuspecting little Brutus!

This reflection did not prevent my mounting the steps of the "Miscellaneous Collection," and tendering the lawful penny to the gymnastic orator on the *globe roulant*. He pronounced the words—"Inside, please Sir"—with the infinite obsequiousness due to my respectable appearance; but when I looked him scrutinizingly in the face,

to see if there were any traces of blighted affections, he recollected me, and gave me this brief salutation, in accents not loud, but decidedly emphatic:—

"Well, I'm damned!"

Then, dropping off the globe, with a nod to Mr. Merryman, he darted to the door of the Show, and saying, "Pass this gent, without the penny, will yer?" added, in a shout addressed to the goddess in the interior—

"Old 'oman! Blowed if her aint Bill, what used to be at old Mac——'s!"

So saying he flew back to his globe, and resumed his professional pursuits.

Behind a screen, with Bob's "Walk up, walk up!" heard loudly without, I had to endure an embrace from Mrs. Turrell, at once impassioned, prolonged, and odoriferous of many onions. Not to interrupt business, however, I was about to depart, after answering a few questions, and declining an invitation to stay and see the infant Kean (whose "gestulation was raly extornary"), when, just as the lady was taking her place as prompter, and handing me her private address *pro tem*, on the most oleaginous of cards, she bethought herself of something important:—

"Ho, ho, ho! What a funny old woman I am!" Then, with a set face, a deep sigh, and both hands on her knees—"you recollect Mary, I s'pose?"

"Yes."

"By-gones shall be by-gones, but your deportment wasn't 'ansom to that gal."

"I am ashamed to say it was not."

"No: she wasn't 'ansom to my Bob, and you wasn't 'ansom to her, which it was, no doubts is on my mind, a judgment for her artless beavior to him. To hear the nights and nights that boy has laid awake, arter goin' to bed without his supper, thinkin' of that little cat, and then—Ho no, not by no manner of means! In course not—he wasn't the *gentleman* enough for her! I aint got no patience with sech stuckups! However, he's married a nice gal with a milk-walk doing a five barn gallon a day, and he don't repine not in the last."

All this was, I observed, very satisfactory, so far as Bob was concerned; but—

"Ho yes: I'm coming to that. She's *quite* the lady now, I can tell you; and the hold bloke, as Bob used to call him (which if ever a feller deserved to be called a hold bloke, that owdacious old willain did), the hold bloke's dead of a busted blood-wessel when he was a holdin' forth one Sunday 'cos he hollerod so; and she's been enquirin' for you, heverywheres, 'cos he's left you something."

"Do you know where she lives?"

"She *has* been a governess in a halderman's family, but she's staying with a friend in—Terrace, about a mile down the road. Bob 'll tell you the number, I know."

"Her father left me something—how strange!"

"Praps he wasn't her father—what 'ad you say to that? However, he's left you a bit of tin, I dessay, and I s'pose you'll go and court *her*, and all that"—with an acute wink.

I smiled, and, perhaps, slightly shook my head.

"Well; anyways, you mark my words, that gal 'll die a hold maid, if its only for her conduct to that poor boy!"

The audience was coming in thick and fast, so I took my leave, begging Mary's address of Bob, on my way out.

But I could not summon up resolution enough to call upon her, without having first made her aware how deeply I repented of my rudeness and ingratitude years ago. This I could only do by writing to her, and accordingly I wrote. Now Mrs. Turrell's suggestion about her paternity made me hesitate to address her as "Dear Miss Mac——," and nothing remained but to take the old *locus standi*, and begin "Dear Mary," which I accordingly did. But I did not like to "Dear-Mary" a young lady who was no relative, without telling my darling, and I went and poured out the whole story into her bosom.

"I am sure, Willy, hardly any language can be too respectful or affectionate to a creature who was so kind to you, and you're a silly little boy to fidget yourself about asking my leave to call her anything your heart told you was proper. But I'm glad you *did* tell me all about it, because I've an opportunity of absolving you, now, from the guilt of your naughtiness to her."

"You, Lotty! she must do it herself!"

"O, I'll undertake to forgive you for her: its all the same. Go on your knee, Sir—Now—please Lotty-Mary, ten thousand pardons!—That will do—you are forgiven! Now (kissing my forehead, with her hands round my cheeks), go and post your letter with an easy conscience. —But, how curious she should have been nervous about the ringing of bells! I should have liked to see her, as you describe her, with her little naked feet hanging down from a tall chair in that shop-parlor, Willy! It is curious about the bells. You must introduce me, if you like her; I feel quite gay at the thought of having such a dear little companion!"

Within four and twenty hours after I had despatched my note to Mary, I knocked, not without a little palpitation, at the door of the house in——Terrace. Mary met me at the door of her room, in which she had been sitting quite alone, reading,—with an extended hand, an unflinching eye, and a countenance brighter than I deserved,—with the old, quiet sunshine which I remembered so well. She flushed a little, and then became paler, but addressed me with perfect frankness and kindness in a voice which had mellowed into a very peculiar music since I had last listened to it.

"I can see, William, we are both glad at this meeting, and I think Providence has used us both kindly? I have much to be thankful for."

I had one present grief to tell of, and that I told, to a most attentive—nay, sometimes a breathless, listener. I was sorry I had said so much at my first interview, when I saw at one unexpected glance—unexpected, undreamt of, by heaven! into the heart of my confidante. I had experienced one grief at a period which now seemed far,

far off, and that too I told, in few and tremulous words; they also, I could see, were instantly registered on the tablets of an unforgetting heart. I told how I had, step by step, improved my position, till at last my pen and my pencil together had brought me comfort, and what is called "respectability." (I loathe the word, and insist, even in these pages, on putting it between inverted commas.) How I had

—“seen the world which is a curious sight,
And very much unlike what people write.”

How I had been sickened and disgusted with the prevailing greed of “civilized society,” and the universal assumption that *everybody* wants to get as much as he can and keep it. How I had been shocked at the levity and wantonness of tongue with which “men of the world” did not hesitate to befool the shrine occupied by woman in the young and reverent heart. How, in contact—and collision—with coarse, selfish natures, the romantic and chivalric spirit of my boyhood had been imperilled a thousand times, and thank God! yet survived to honor worth and moral beauty such as hers. How I had vowed my pen to the service of the good, the beautiful, and true, and had renewed the vow since I had sat in her presence. How, for having seen and spoken with her, I felt stronger and wiser of soul, and should love the world the better. And so on, speaking from the fulness of my stirred heart!

But was not a literary career beset with unpleasantnesses and moral dangers beyond most other careers? She had heard painful things of literary men!

Some true, I said, and some, no doubt, exaggerations or falsehoods. On the whole, I thought there was more sterling, cordial feeling among literary men than among any other class of persons with whom I had been intimate. Dangerous, anxious, and precarious, the career of a literary man undoubtedly was—and so was that of a railway engine-driver. But I wanted *her* story.

When Mr. Mac—— died, she went as a sort of nondescript factotum to a ladies' school, whither a respectable customer recommended her. Soon she had been advanced, in place of a governess who was leaving, to the charge of the junior forms. Gradually she had gained information, and raised her qualifications, and finally obtained a remunerative post as governess in a rich city magnate's family, which she had only recently quitted. She was now taking a holiday, previously to going to fulfil an engagement more to her taste.

And had she found her position in private families a thankless, degrading, and sometimes ignominious one? I inquired, though not in those terms.

She smiled. The position of a governess was as equivocal—sometimes, as that of the literary man—sometimes. But dismal talkers and gossiping writers of clap-trap laid on their colors too thickly. She had seen governesses for whom her heart had bled, and governesses who were as rosy and independent and happy, as—as I had described my lady friend to have been

until recently, and as she felt sure she would be again. For herself, she had had no indignities to submit to, and considered that her merits and claims had always been *handsomely* allowed—for which she trusted, she said solemnly—she was grateful to Almighty God!

But—she continued, after a pause and a few words exchanged on indifferent topics—she had something to say about which she had been hesitating, because she hardly knew whether I should be amused or disgusted. Mr. Mac——, when he died, left me a little legacy.

So I had understood, I said, from Mrs. Turrell.

Yes. He thought he had neglected my "poor soul" during my stay in his service, and he had bequeathed to me——she really did not know whether to smile or not.

Well, what was it?

"Alleyne's Alarm to the Unconverted!"

Then we both smiled together; the bequest was as useless as it was droll, and characteristic of the man; I had read "Alleyne's Alarm" before I was in my teens, and my "poor soul" had been cared for by more competent hands than Mr. Mac——'s.

When the man died, he had bequeathed exactly a hundred pounds to Mary, and the rest of his gains, of course, to his wife, who had shortly afterwards gone to New Brunswick, to join some relatives. He had also, at the very last moment, when the silver cord was ready to be loosened, and his soul trembled (as even without his creed and his superstitious nature, all souls *must* tremble), in the awful border-

land of shadows,—given her a sealed packet, addressed, in a very firm, bold hand-writing struggling with weakness, "To my Daughter Mary." The ink was old and faded, but the wax had evidently been respected.

With some reluctance, Mary added that during the latter part of his life he had not been so "kind" (that was her word, but the dead man was never capable of kindness) to her, and the Saturday preceding the Sunday on which he had ruptured the blood-vessel, he had struck her. "And, you know," said she, turning very red up to the forehead and the ear-tips,—“you know, I was almost a woman, then; and—and—only God knows how I suffered, and what a mark that blow left upon my soul!”

"I think, Mary,—I think I can conceive," said I, deeply moved.

"But," she resumed, smiling down a tear that seemed as if it *would* come,—“the look of doubt, agony, superstitious scrutiny, and I may perhaps say, repentance, which he cast upon me as he handed me that packet, has long ago effaced all feeling of resentment against him. I have not the least doubt he regarded his death in the light of a judgment for striking me.”

Of course, I called to mind the furtive and half-freeding glances which Mr. Mac—— used to direct to Mary in former days, and the little peculiarities permitted to her in a household ruled with a rod of iron in other respects; but I did not venture to say as much, and to inquire what "the packet" contained. I have no doubt I sat looking perplexed and wonderingly.

"You shall know about the packet, William," said Mary, who read my thoughts, "and you would have had the *legacy* before, if I had known in what part of the country your friends lived; but I had forgotten, if I ever heard. Mr. Mac—— was not my father; his wife was not my mother. My mother, who died when I was two years old—and I am not sure that I have not a dreamy recollection of her, that seemed to have been lying in a corner of my brain waiting to be called for, when I knew my parentage—my mother tells me, in this letter from her almost dying hand, that my father had been betrayed by unfortunate associations consequent upon recklessly convivial habits, and was then in prison for an offence which he had never committed; but that she believed him now to be a repentant man, and that when he claimed his daughter, as he would not fail to do after his release, he would prove a sober, affectionate, watchful parent. Then, she went on to say that she did not expect to live many days, but that the people with whom she was lodging were aware of all this, and that she had solemnly entrusted me to their charge for the present, leaving with them a handsome sum of money which she had snatched from the wreck of the fortune she had brought my father. The folks had pledged themselves before God to take care of me till his release from jail; and she had appealed to the man in particular, whose nature was superstitious, though coarse, by all his fears of eternal perdition, and had threatened to haunt him if he wronged me!"

"Of course, that was Mr. Mac——?" said I.

"Yes. From cross-questioning his widow, I gather—though she told me they were *forced* to leave the little town where we were staying, abruptly—that the man thought it a matter of small consequence whether a child of twenty-four months ever knew its father or not, and that the money left him would just start a nice business; so he came to London, passed me off for his daughter, used the money, and flourished. Some vague dread of the Divine curse, and a more distinct horror of being haunted by my mother's ghost, saved me from his ill-usage; but fatherless, motherless girl as I have been, you know now, William, what reason I have to be, as I said, grateful to Almighty God for His ceaseless care of me!"

She bowed her head slightly, and there was a reverent pause of silence.

"My mother's grave," she resumed, looking me mournfully in the face, "is nameless and unknown."

"Except," said I softly, for we had been talking in a half-whisper, "except to God. And no doubt the grass is as green, and the sunshine as bright upon your mother's grave, as upon any hero's mausoleum whatever."

"But I should like to see my father! No doubt, he has been seeking his child all over the world, and—"

She wept, and I did not know what to say.—But I stammered out—

"Cherish the thought, my dear friend!"—

I seized her hand, and she started when I pressed it.

"That you will see him again. Not you only but others are on the watch for traces of his existence. His name was George Shorland."

"Yes! yes! . . ."

"And he was, let us say is, uncle to my betrothed, whose name is Charlotte Shorland."

"And her father and mother are alive?"

"Yes. I foresee what you were about to say. I know enough of the feelings with which both your father's and your mother's relatives looked, upon their marriage, to account for your mother's not communicating with E—— before her death. She seems to have been a high-spirited, even proud, woman."

"Oh, but a mother's dying thoughts for her daughter! E—— is, I suppose, the place where my father's relatives live?"

"Yes, and your mother's."

"Then my mother wrote a letter for E—— to be used, in case of necessity, and the Mac—— burnt it!"

That afternoon I went to my darling and to my sister to tell the news, and began to spell them out in a considerate and unabrupt fashion, when Lotty interrupted me with—

"Tell us at once, Willy dearest! Your face is so flushed and your eyes so bright that nothing would surprise us,—would it, Sis?"

So I told at once. And in the evening came the introduction which Lotty had pleaded for in case I liked my old friend. And the cousins met and loved like twin-sisters. And when the lamp was lit, and the first eager questions were said and satisfied, I looked on two such beautiful and happy faces, that I felt suddenly forced to "duck" my own foolish head and slip into the garden, to cool my temples and have a good cry.

"Now, I understand about the bells," said Lotty. "My father has a nervous horror of their ringing, especially at night; no doubt his brother has the same horror, and Mary inherits it. And yet, do you know, I never feel it, and if it were not for *you*, you know, Mary dear, I should like "all the bells on earth to ring" to-night."

"That's from a Christmas Carol," said my sister. "It begins—

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas in the morning.

"Yes," said I, "I'm fond of Christmas Carols. 'Tidings of comfort and great joy.'"

My sister had news to take back to E—— with her, and Lotty had a companion still.

IX.

Last night, I read over twice the last few pages of what I have written, and I feel very irresolute and sad to-day.

Harry called, and I told him I had things I wanted to write, but that I could not pin myself down to the task, though I had taken pen in hand more than once.

"Sir," said Harry, affecting a Johnsonian air and tone, "Irresolution is unworthy of a being whose time is limited, and whose energies are fluctuating. He who wastes a day in indecision

frets away the mental resources, not of one day, but of many days."

"Supposing," said I, smiling, which was just what Harry wished to see,— "the matter concerning which one is irresolute, should be morally indifferent?"

"Why, Sir," he resumed, "I suppose nothing can be indifferent in a moral point of view to a being with a moral nature. Even Irresolute Love cannot be made respectable. What do you think, Sir, of these verses, suggested to me by our last conversation? Enamoured swain *loquitur* :—

O, how shall I forever bear this burthen at my breast?

Still unconfessed, unshrived, my heart will break with its unrest!

With reinsless tongue, in forest shade, the dove may woo the dove,

But I, irresolute and faint, stand mute before my Love!

I thought that I would woo her when the deft embroideress June

Spread carpets bright in wreath-hung halls, for dance of elfin shoon,

Would woo her, offering eloquent flowers, whose speech should smooth my way,

But could I breathe love to her who seemed more sweet and pure than they?

One odorous autumnal night, I stole to watch and wait,

With passionate pleadings at my lips, beside her garden gate,

But the words rolled back upon my heart, when in the moonshine white,

She walked, a thing so spiritual, fairy-like, and bright!

I sought her late, intent to speak, as home she went her way,

From the church where I had been to watch, and she had been to pray;

But my spirit died within me, and behind I trembling trod—

How durst I proffer love to her, who seemed a saint of God?

O, let me seek her when to Want she holds the blessing hand,

Or when she prattles playfully among an infant band;

When the love-fount sparkles up in smiles, or tears wait in her eye,

And her soul is tuned to gentleness that cannot instant die!

Perhaps my timid tongue may speak, all eloquent and free,

When she is pitiful to Want or glad with infant glee,

And I shall bear no longer this hot burthen at my breast,

And my poor heart at a bound shall break, or flutter to its rest!"

I criticised the verses rather savagely, but there must be a little natural music in them, or they would not have dwelt *minutely* in my memory for an hour or two. "However, Harry," I said, "you are in the right about the absurdity of flinching from what one feels he must do.—When your rhymes have left off ringing in my

ears, I will go to my desk, and write what I am possessed with the idea must be written, if my mind is to be at peace."

I resume my task with an uncertain pen.

There was a journey to E—, and a short stay there, after my sister had written that Mary would be welcomed by her own relatives, as well as by those of Lotty, who accompanied her.

Mary returned to London, to prepare for the post she would shortly have to occupy, and my darling claved to her with more than a sister's love, gave up her lodgings and went to stay with her: and rapidly, very rapidly, improved in spirits and in health, or at least in spirits and activity. Two or three times, indeed, I thought I saw her place her hand to her left side, at the same moment stealing a nervous, watchful glance at me. But I laid little stress upon these things, so marked and cheering was her progress, in Mary's daily society, in all that I had contemplated in bringing her to London. On that fine January night, when we were all round the fire together, Harry and Mary chatting cosily within a few inches of us, she had fixed a day in the next month for our wedding,—all in a whisper of a few seconds. Once again, we were all busy happiness, all anticipation; and Mary, affectionate, thoughtful, and quiet, as ever, had begged from Lady — a longer grace, before entering upon her new duties, in order that she might be present when we were married.

Let me hurry on or I shall be betrayed again into irresolution and silence,—a silence which torments me, which I cannot keep!

Quite suddenly, my darling showed signs of extreme fatigue after exertion, and she could no longer conceal the pain at her left side. The doctor was summoned, and, besides the doctor, a physician whose special department was that of chest complaints, as the good old gentleman at E— had suggested. I was not present at his interview with the two ladies, but I intercepted him on his way out. He had all that silly evasiveness which, partly prompted by kind feeling and partly by professional pride, is the characteristic of a medical man in his talk.

"Let the young lady have plenty of good wine, and as much cheerful society as possible."

"What is her exact state, Sir?"

"She must not walk about any more than she feels fully equal to, but, on the other hand, she must not decline exercise and fresh air in such moderation as she may find agreeable to her."

"But I should be indebted, if you would say —"

"Precisely so. Did she ever . . . hm . . . go through much fatigue or anxiety . . . any very critical . . . period, now? You comprehend me?"

I told you she had nursed my mother.

"Ah! so extremely delicate you see, Sir,—like a flower—and very excitable indeed; a natural predisposition, I should say . . . hm! Well, Sir, in a month or two —O, by the bye, I had nearly forgotten. I have given directions about the brandy; but perhaps you will see that it is of the purest?—And perhaps also —"

I interrupted him in rude haste, crying out—
"It is atrophy of the heart!"

I could see that Mary knew enough to make it unnecessary to affect concealment with her, and my own knowledge was too sad a burden to be borne without a sharer. So she shared it with me, and supported me in the dreadful duty which was now mine, as it was hers. My darling was, on the whole more cheerful and conversational than ever she had been, and we too had to be cheerful and conversational, and "smile, and smile," with hearts that were ready to break, and the awful knowledge that the beautiful vision we loved might fade at any moment and "leave us dark." This period of trial was mercifully shortened to us. Sleepless nights, and fits of indescribable languor, increased upon the dear victim to her love for me and mine. Her eyes sank; the bloom and the roundness went from her cheek. I watched, and I endured; how I know not. But I had no reddened eyes to conceal, for I shed no tear. One evening, Lotty looked up from the sofa, and said softly, nay, in an angel's tone, to Mary, who was reading in the corner—

"You have been crying, dear?"

"I have been rubbing my eyes, dear. Do you want anything?" Drawing near the side of the sofa.

"No, thank you, lovey."

There was a pause, during which I felt that Mary's eyes were turned to me. I looked round, on some momentary impulse, and found she was regarding me fixedly, and with a whole world of affectionate anxiety in her face. Our eyes met, and then, at the same instant, encountered those of my darling. She smiled, and stretched out her hand for me to kiss.

While it was yet at my lips, she exclaimed, with abrupt energy—

"Open the window!" She was panting for breath.

"It is bitter cold, dearest," I said, frightened and bewildered.

"The door, then! I'm stifling! Oh . . . !"
And so, with closed eyes and gurgling throat, she died in my clasping arms.

"Oh, my God!" I cried; "must I see her go from me like this?"

The doctor had been summoned, but he laid his finger on the wrist of a pulseless corpse, whose face was now calm and almost smiling.

As she died, the key of her writing-desk fell between my fingers, as it depended from her neck. I did not part with it to father or to mother; coming to me at such a moment, it was, I thought, a God's-gift; no one could have such a right to it as I. They did not take it from me, during my illness.

For I was not at Lotty's funeral. All that could die of her was buried, before I came to myself in a darkened chamber, and thanked God, at my awakening, that I met not the eyes of a stranger, but the eyes of Mary. She had been appealed to upon the question whether I should prefer Lotty's remains lying in the churchyard, or by the side of my mother's, and had decided for the latter; afterwards proposing that they

should lie in one grave, which was agreed to on all hands. And so they lie.

It is done. Sweet friend of my youth, not lost, but gone before; dear repose is thine, in the bosom of The Blessed: brighter are the asphodel flowers thou wearest than those we might have gathered in the valley of our hopes—beloved and beautiful, farewell!

X.

We have a letter this morning. It is from E——. George Shorland has found his way back thither, after many perils and wanderings; he had been told, on leaving prison, that the Mac—s had gone to America, with his child, and had undertaken a pursuit in that direction. His adventures since then we shall learn within forty-eight hours, for he has learned our story, and is waiting to embrace my wife.

"Strange things happen, Mary," I said, when we had become a little calm after the receipt of this disturbing news. Sometimes we expect too much, often too little. Mrs. Turrell, now, said you would die an old maid!"

"Tell my father, William, all about the pen-and-ink portrait."

"I shall tell him, my love, how you forgot and forgave my ingratitude and rudeness; how you watched over me in illness, and when I was in no condition to take thought for myself, expended your money —"

"Hush, William! Silence, if you love me!"

"As well as your energies in my behalf; how you relinquished bright prospects, and still watched over me and tended me, till you thought me strong enough in body and soul to mingle with the great rough crowd again; and then —"

"Then tell him about the portrait!"

"No hurry, dear. I shall proceed to observe that when I had scarcely heard from you for a couple of years, you 'came down' from the country, 'like a wolf on the fold,' and, by profound strategy, induced me to contract this *injudicious* matrimonial alliance. Don't laugh! Give baby a bit of sugar to keep him quiet till I've done. I shall tell him you called upon me, in the most artful manner, to say a long farewell, and pretended you were going to India. I shall say that we bade good-by, and that after you had left the house, I was tormented by a restlessness which I could not define, and must attribute to some unholy sorcery on your part. That I sat down, and began sketching your unprepossessing physiognomy with a pen, and when I had finished, felt more restless than before,—all through drawing your 'evil eye,' you know! That at last I was irresistibly impelled to take up a sheet of paper, and write something beginning 'Dearest Mary'—a solemn warning to all young men not to take young ladies' portraits in pen-and-ink, because the nature of the material facilitates the transition to a proposal —"

"And do not forget, dear William, to mention your generous candor in telling me that there was an image which could never be effaced from your heart."

"But what of yours, dear, in accepting my love, with that reserve?"

"Nothing—but that I have always loved you, and that God meant me for you from the first moment we met, at Saffron-hill."

"Goodness and mercy have followed us all our days, dear wife, is it not so? I regret nothing! I accept my whole culture—poverty, struggles, bereavement after bereavement—with a grateful heart, well assured that he who is 'too wise to err, too good to be unkind,' as my mother used to say, has done all things well."

"You mean that our early training, such as it was, was better adapted for the development of our minds and character than a more regular and apparently propitious set of circumstances would have been?"

"Yes, I do."

"And that it may be humbly believed by us both, that love and sorrow have not ploughed such deep furrows in our souls for nothing?"

"That, dearest, is what I mean. And it is a kind of philosophy which contains the seeds of blessedness as well as of happiness."

"How happy we are, and how thankful we ought to be."

"Notwithstanding the good old Arian minister's ultra-calvinistic letters. Poor old soul! Though he allows me to have 'a tender conscience towards God,' he is persuaded I have never been 'convinced of sin,' and that I am safe for perdition,—because I cannot talk or write in the dialect which he is convinced is the true tongue of all 'Zion-bound pilgrims.' Well, well, there are not many persons for whom I have a sincerer, more hearty regard."

"Here comes Harry!" said my wife. "He, too, is happy, but who would have thought of his marrying that dear little widow so soon after he met her with our Lotty?"

Harry had brought his first-born to play with our little Mary. I remember on looking back to the earliest of these pages, that it was little Mary who interrupted me by tapping at the door, when she had returned from church with mamma, that sweet Sunday evening. It was very delightful, that scene in our neighbor's garden. I was glad to my heart's core then, as I am glad now, that we have not all the happiness in the world to ourselves—I and mine—though our share is a large one.

There is little Mary again, tap, tap, tap.

"Come in, dear."

"Pa, dear, it says in this book that the three most beautiful words in the world begin with one letter—Home, Happiness, and Heaven. Is not that very pretty, Pa?"

We are never so happy that there is no trifle we can wish for. I shall not be easy until I have discovered something about the visitor in the garden that sweet Sunday evening, the mysterious quality of whose laugh set me thinking of dear old times at E——. After a moment's abstraction, I said to little Mary—

"Yes, my dear, that is very pretty."

"I went up stairs to ask Ma," she resumed; "but when I peeped into the room, Ma was saying her prayers; so I shut the door softly, and came down stairs on tiptoe."

From the Examiner, 17 Feb.

THE NEW CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

THE public has, we apprehend, come too rapidly to the conclusion that Lord John Russell goes to Vienna simply to secure Peace. The noble Lord's mission to the Congress aims first, of course, at securing an honorable termination of hostilities by such a firm, stable, and enlarged arrangement as will permanently protect the Turkish empire from the arms and the intrigues of the Czar, and Europe from the dangerous and unnatural predominance of Russia in Eastern and Central Europe. But, if that be found (as there is too much reason to apprehend it will) to be impossible, then the mission which Lord John has undertaken will, there is reason to believe, enter on even a more important phase; for in that event, it is understood he will remain some time at Vienna for the purpose of arranging and concluding plans for carrying on a more extended war against the common enemy of Europe. So that failing to secure peace on safe and honorable terms, it will become the duty of Lord John Russell to concert with our allies hostilities on a much larger scale than prevails at present.

Honorable peace or extended war is the alternative of England in sending to Vienna the foremost, the most liberal, and the most resolute of her statesmen; and in going thither, Lord John Russell will not only carry with him the full sanction of his Sovereign, the complete confidence of his Government and the high authority of his personal character, but also the entire approbation of the great Nation he represents.

And that this is so, it especially behooves the Government of Prussia to know and understand, for already its creatures and tools in this country are affecting to see, in Lord John Russell's acceptance of this mission, a retreat on his part from political difficulties and embarrassments at home, and a successful *coup d'état* on the part of the new Cabinet to relieve themselves from the presence of inconvenient rivalry and criticism in the House of Commons. Never did such suppositions and imputations, very congenial to the practice of the Courts of Germany, but singularly foreign to English habits, involve greater falsehood and error. By requesting Lord John Russell to undertake this task, the Palmerston Cabinet has accepted and adopted to their fullest extent the views, the opinions, the policy and the objects which Lord John, in relation to the war, has constantly and consistently maintained both in Council and in Parliament. The instructions he will have to carry out are the principles and conditions which he himself has already proclaimed to the country; and he will take to Vienna,

in his own influence over the people and Parliament of England, a strength such as no despatches can confer or deprive him of.

Nor will the high sense of patriotism which has induced Lord John Russell to lay aside the desire he must naturally have to share at this critical juncture in the deliberations of the House of Commons—to risk his well-earned reputation in a new sphere of political action, for ordinary success in which he must doubtless be held to have some personal disadvantages—and to set that example of doing cheerfully his duty in the sphere in which he is placed, which he so well himself described as one of the chief characteristics of the late Duke of Wellington—fail to obtain general recognition. Responsible in one sense for the war, in no position does he shrink from the responsibility involved in its conduct and successful termination. To rouse the Government to a due conception of this arduous struggle he left the Aberdeen Cabinet; and though censured by many of the members of the late and present Administration for that step, his most active and cordial assistance is now given to attract public confidence to the Government as re-constituted. In all this, we repeat, there is a devotion to the public service which will at last win due appreciation.

That the task which awaits Lord John Russell at Vienna is an arduous one, few will doubt. The work to be done at the new Congress is what Lord Castlereagh in vain attempted to effect at the old one. The dangers which then, at no very distant period, threatened Europe from Russian ambition, appear to have been clearly enough perceived by Lord Castlereagh; and manfully he strove to erect a barrier against Russian encroachment by re-establishing the kingdom of Poland. But the fatal error was committed of placing the Russian autocrat on the constitutional throne of that country. Now, as precisely the same considerations which occupied the former Congress must again arise in the deliberations of the present, we have good hope that the experience of forty years will not have been entirely thrown away.

The result of that first Congress was to place the Czar in such a position that he gradually made himself, by a combination of military force with diplomatic fraud, master of the destinies of Germany. Each year has seen him strengthen his position in Poland, the very citadel of Europe. Warsaw, Zamosc, Modlin, and we believe, Sandomir, are now fortresses of the first class. They are to Berlin and Vienna what Sebastopol was to Constantinople. Yet whilst the Czar has been entrenching himself, and heaping up inexhaustible munitions of war, in this advanced position—within a few days' march of both the capitals of Germany—his agents have

known how to prevent the German powers from making the slightest attempt at self-preservation. To doubt the intention of the Czar was to be democratic, *mauvais ton*, in the eyes of the besotted courts, and still more besotted military chiefs of Germany. Austrian and Prussian officers looked for decorations at the hands of the Czar rather than of their own sovereigns; and he became in fact the fountain of honor throughout Germany. In the meantime, Breslau, which so long resisted the utmost efforts of Frederick the Second, became an open town; and in Galicia, a country without any natural frontier towards Russia, not a single fortress was erected. The walls of Cracow, too, have been demolished; and the ancient castle which alone remains is not so strong as the Tower of London. It is evident, therefore, that if Europe is to be delivered from the Russian incubus, it must be dislodged from Poland, or a barrier chain of fortresses considerably stronger than the triple line devised against Louis the Fourteenth, and some thousand miles in length, must be established.

It is no small part in history that Lord John Russell is now called upon play. He understands it, we believe, too well to conclude a convention like that of Adrianople, pronounced "disastrous" by the Minister who permitted it to be signed. He is not the man to be satisfied with such a concession in regard to Sebastopol as might be withdrawn and broken at the first moment—far distant be such a time—when a coolness shall arise between the Governments of France and England.—The treaty respecting Dunkirk affords an example how such provisions are evaded even when they relate, not to a distant port, but to a place almost in sight of the English coast. Lord John has only to take a lesson from the book of his adversary, who is a master in diplomacy if not in war. Nothing less than a "material guarantee" will serve for a safe and honorable peace.

From The Spectator, 17 Feb.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S appointment on a special mission to Vienna is the principal act of the Government hitherto. The first remark made by the club statesmen at the announcement was, that it was very clever of Lord Palmerston thus to get rid of a noble friend who might be an embarrassing ally or a troublesome rival in the House of Commons—the more so as he would not be trammelled by being in office. Incidentally, however, the arrangement has advantages: it confirms the appearance of the best possible understanding between Lord Palmerston and Lord John;

and by placing the latter in an office so responsible, though such a long way off, it makes him hostage for the behavior of the hundred and forty whom he counts upon in the House of Commons. The advantage to Lord John himself is unquestionable. The arrangement restores his dignity, and rescues him from the false position of isolation into which he rushed, but in which he could scarcely have remained contented. It removes him out of harm's way. If he had continued in the tantalizing modesty of a back bench, there is no knowing to what fresh sallies he might have been tempted by the irksomeness of his position; which must be at least as uncongenial to him as a secondary post in another man's Cabinet. If a sensitive conscience prevented him from resisting Mr. Roebuck's motion, some other motive might have enticed him to support Mr. Collier's motion on Russian trade, or any other movement in the Commons likely to create a fresh "situation." He is suspended in home politics without being superseded; he is sent upon travels that may enlarge his experience; and he may return with a repaired credit—if he succeed. But if he fail? Why, then, some other person may reap the advantage.

Of course the supporters of Ministers hold out the hope that the conferences at Vienna, that have been delayed for a month, will now be carried on with unexpected efficiency, at least on our side. Lord John Russell's appointment has some advantages for the mission as well as the man. Lord John's political rank will prove the importance which the English Government attaches to the proceedings. It cannot be necessary for a Minister of his standing to bandy messages backwards and forwards with Downing Street; and his presence at Vienna, therefore, will not only have the effect of saving time and friction, but by saving time may possibly smooth the way for negotiations. Lord John's public professions, and even his prejudices, are to a certain extent a gage that we are not to be *Holy-Allianced* by this new Vienna Congress. We are to presume that his prejudices against Austria will not be suffered to injure his instrumentality, by imparting any offensive tone to his demeanor; and upon that presumption we may anticipate, that whatever may be the result of the negotiations with regard to Russia, the conferences will bring the Allies to a closer intercourse and a more complete understanding between themselves.

In regard to the issue of the Congress we cannot speak with strong confidence. The delay which has taken place in the meeting, and the diplomatic correspondence which has immediately preceded it, have proved the great difficulty that the parties to it have had in coming together at all. Lord Aberdeen

remarked, last year, that between the two extremes, of terms dictated by Russia at Constantinople, or by the Allies at St. Petersburg, the conditions of the peace must depend upon the issues of the war. The war has had as yet no decisive results, and the relative position of the several parties has not undergone material alteration. An allusion in the *Paris Constitutionnel*, this week, is a tolerably clear sign that the French Government does not anticipate good faith at Berlin; while it might be accepted as a sign that the same Government is prepared to insist upon a condition which Russia has shown no inclination to accept. We allude to the *Constitutionnel* because it furnishes the last quasi-official sign by one of the Western Powers.

One condition which Prince Gortschakoff was told would be involved in the four guarantees was, that the naval establishments of Russia in the Black Sea should be destroyed and her fleet diminished. This semi-official statement appears to keep in force the declarations made by the new British envoy to Vienna, that Sebastopol must be razed. But the Allies have as yet made no very satisfactory progress towards enforcing that condition upon Russia. At the outset, with their powers untested, they might have expected submission; but the "blow" upon Sebastopol has displayed weakness instead of strength. We have had our glory, to live in history and in song; but the events of Alma and of Inkermann will have passed like stage pageants, leaving as the result of the campaign, so far as it has gone down to this date, the preponderance

of resisting force on the side of Russia. While we might anticipate on general grounds that Russia would persist in refusing that, the most vexed question in the negotiations, her continued and enlarged preparations imply that she is preparing for a protraction and an enlargement of the contest.

We cannot suppose that Lord John Russell is carrying to Vienna the submission of the British Government. Ordinary faith towards our allies, and towards our own interests, must preclude a Palmerston Government from such a course. We have encouraged Austria in taking a position by which she appears to have cast off for ever the friendship and confidence of Russia; while she has not yet gained a position that would enable her to defy the resentment of that power. Russia might be willing enough, on the mere prospect that the bulk of Europe would be aroused and combined against her, to fall in with a hasty and delusive conclusion of peace, if she could secure such terms as would constitute the peace a mere suspension of arms, and enable her to resume operations from the point where she left off, at a more auspicious opportunity. But if Lord Palmerston's Government should conclude a peace which would leave Russia free to begin again, how could it justify itself to the country in taking the place of Lord Aberdeen? The future is inscrutable to the most practised calculator of any of us; but we have as yet no elements for even a conjectural estimate of the results of Vienna Conference.

THE HOUSE OF INTERESTS.

Or what is the House of Commons made?
Of Members for Land and Members for Trade,
Of Members for Cotton, and Timber, and Ships,
And Members for Stocks, and Shares, and
Scripts.

The House has Members for Foundries and
Mines,
And Members for sundry Railway Lines,
And Members for Sugar, and Tea, and Spice,
And Members for Pepper, and Paddy, and Rice.

The House of Commons is not without
Members for Ale, and Beer, and Stout;
And Members for Whiskey and Members for
Gin

The House of Commons there are within.

There are Members for Church, both High and
low,
And Members for Meeting-house also;

And, gentlemen whom the House could spare,—
The POPE OF ROME has his Members there.

And there are Members—too large a lot—
For the venal rogue and the drunken sot,
Members returned, through *L. S. D.*,
For Sovereign Alley, by *W. B.*

Now, being constituted so,
The House of Commons has fallen low,
For Genius and commanding Mind,
As in the time of need we find.

It has plenty of mouths to talk and prate;
But where are the heads to rule a state?
They'll preach and prose till all is blue,
But which of them knows the thing to do?

The Hour has come, but not the Man;
Find him,—inform us where we can!
Where we cannot, 'tis very plain;
In the House of Commons we seek in vain.

Punch.

From the Examiner, 17 Feb.

THE PALMERSTON MINISTRY AND FOREIGN OPINION.

THE general voice of the country raised Lord Palmerston to his present office. No other statesman answered to the want in the same degree. What was formerly his disadvantage, weighing him down, became the lever to lift him up. He has no longer to rebut the scandal of being a war minister. The juster the charge, the better for him now.

We write upon the eve of statements in Parliament which it is to be hoped may clear up some matters at present not of good omen to the Palmerston Administration. Upon the objects which have called it into existence, and by the successful and vigorous prosecution of which its claim to continuance will be determined, all men of all parties are agreed. Its first duty is to save the country from the intolerable shame of being held incapacitated by its free institutions for the right administration of an army, and for the orderly and skilful, as well as the courageous conduct of a great war. In this direction, however, we must confess that we see little progress as yet made by the appointments hitherto announced, or by the disposition manifested to suppress the inquiry, voted by the House of Commons, into the causes and real authors of that "horrible and heart-rending mismanagement" of which the country now knows too much to be satisfied without knowing all. Dreadful as the sacrifice of life has been, it is nothing to what we have lost of prestige and good name. In regard to foreign countries we stand much as a merchant would from whom that subtle atmosphere of protection which goes by the name of *credit* has been suddenly snatched away; and prompt as well as vigorous must be the measures that would restore to us any part of it. But we will not anticipate the mischievous drawback which an absence of satisfactory explanations on the reassembling of the House of Commons would too surely make from the present popularity of the chief of the Ministry. Pending these explanations we prefer to balance against the evil which the Aberdeen Ministry has done us abroad, such better prospects as Lord Palmerston's name has already opened there.

Lord's Palmerston's dominant idea as a foreign politician, from before 1830 down to this time, had been the expediency of France and England uniting to make common cause against the policy of Russia. That alliance Lord Palmerston offered to Louis Philippe, whom the Czar was then menacing. Louis Philippe rejected it, and made it a crime that the opportunity was offered. The Orleans dynasty passed away, and Lord Palmerston has lived to see, not only his great rival of that

day, Lord Aberdeen, forced to make the same offer to France, but a French sovereign wisely accepting it. And now he finds himself, as the reward of his consistency and perseverance on that point, called to superintend the working and accomplish the results of such policy in the high office of First Minister of England.

Lord Palmerston has thus in some sort the claim to be considered as the first author of the active Anglo-French alliance which now not merely animates the policy of the two countries, but inspires the heart of almost every being in both; and that his elevation has been grateful in a peculiar degree to the French people and the French Monarch, it is superfluous to say. So full of eager welcome was he for any possible contingency that might bring about such a juncture of the countries, that, liberal and friendly to freedom as he is, he flung off all other considerations at the moment when he saw Louis Napoleon grasp the high prize of empire. We disapproved then, and are far from applauding now, the course taken by Lord Palmerston. But what was then his weakness is calculated now to give him strength. More credit, support, and friendship awaits him in that quarter than would probably be given to any other man.

Lord Derby remarked on this point, last week in explaining his own motives for asking Lord Palmerston to join him:—

Though this country would look with reasonable and well-founded jealousy to any qualifications for office arising out of connection with foreign States or foreign Governments—yet I must be permitted to add that in the present circumstances it must be viewed as a just and legitimate qualification on the part of the noble Viscount that he was generally supposed to exercise no inconsiderable influence over the councils of that noble nation with whom we are now upon terms happily of the strictest and closest alliance, and he has enjoyed, to a large extent, the confidence of that great man whom his superior abilities and powers, not less than the name he bears, have enabled to grasp, and to hold firmly and vigorously, the imperial sceptre of that country. (Hear, hear). My lords, I say that in times like these, when we are engaged in a formidable and perilous war, with, at the present moment, though I hope not long to be so, France our only assured ally, it is a peculiar qualification for holding office in this country that the Minister who is to have the chief direction of affairs should possess the confidence of those between whom and ourselves these cordial relations subsist. (Hear, hear).

Nor, admitting Lord Palmerston to be thus the fittest of Englishmen to represent and lead this country in an active Anglo-French alliance, is it by any means clear that years and events will not be found to have entirely worn

away the mistrust with which Austrian statesmen once viewed him. He may still entertain the opinion that a greater respect for liberal institutions, and for the privileges and rights of her various dependencies, would render Austria stronger, yet it does not therefore follow that Austrian statesmen should continue to entertain the delusion that he would willingly subvert the government, or weaken the force of the Austrian empire. Already on this point, we see common sense is showing itself. Indeed before Lord Palmerston became first minister we were not without direct proof of a more rational frame of mind in the political chiefs in Austria. Formerly it was the cue of every writer to heap every kind of ribald abuse on his name, but of late these scribes have been changing their tone, and even Count Fiquelmont, who wrote no less than two volumes of anathemas, has in a manner recanted, and admitted very recently that the bugbear of Austria was no longer to be found in Downing street, but at St. Petersburg.

At the same time sufficient remains of the feelings more justly connected with Lord Palmerston to make Austrian statesmen also aware that if the present war is for humbling Russian despotism, it is not for substituting another in its place. So in regard to other foreign countries. As the policy which Lord Palmerston in vain recommended, yet strenuously continued to support in Greece, would have saved the monarch and monarchy of that country from sore humiliation, so his very name in power is already acting as a warning and lesson in that quarter. Nor less will it

appear to furnish some certain guarantee that the Danubian states, when the time shall arrive for their re-arrangement under Turkish suzerainty, will be organized in a manner to harmonize with ideas of European freedom and national development.

On Turkey itself Lord Palmerston's appointment cannot but have a happy influence. No English statesman has so constantly or actively defended the independence of the Ottomans, yet at the same time so strongly pressed upon the Porte ameliorations indispensable to its station as a great European power. In past days, Lord Palmerston was thought a Quixote in his abettal of Turkish independence, and in his belief of the reforms that might be effected in that empire. Yet what Turkey most wants is precisely an English minister who can act both these parts by it.—And as the best result of the present war will be to place her in the rank of European nations, so no happier choice to achieve it could be made than that of Lord Palmerston.

We have also, indeed, to set against all this, deep lamentings and angry denunciations already finding utterance. The *Kreuz Zeitung* of Prussia is rabid, the Orleanist journals of Paris are querulous and discontented, the Russian party everywhere are crying out that revolution is at hand, and the world of traditional politics at an end. But all these are the very enemies it is our object to disable in the present war, and we can have no better omen or encouragement than their unaffected lamentations. If the Palmerston Ministry is only true to itself, and to the necessity which has borne it into power, all will be well.

The Sons of the Sires; a History of the Rise, Progress, and Destiny of the American Party and its probable influence on the next Presidential Election. To which is added a Review of the Letter of the Hon. HENRY A. WISE against the Know Nothings. By an American. 12mo. pp. 223. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. For sale by DEWITT & DAVENPORT.

This little volume undertakes to define the principles of the American Party, to give the causes of its origin, to state the objects which it aims to accomplish, the necessity for such an organization, and its plan of operation. All this it does with much earnestness and some ability. Its style is, if we believe foreign critics, characteristically American in being equally figurative and loose, as may be seen by the following specimen sentence in which a figure is not only broken, but pounded into fragments:

When this new star loomed out in our political firmament, in the twinkling of an eye, in its full-orbed brilliancy to guide our destiny, multitudes

labored to obscure or quench it; but it laughed at their fruitless attempts, and moved onward to its day of glory; or, to change the metaphor, it was scarcely born before Herods sent their murderous confederates to strangle it in its cradle. But having no notion to be despatched so unceremoniously, it had grown to a giant, and set out on the march of its destiny, before the executioners arrived. Having eluded their grasp and escaped from the knife, they labored to circumscribe it to some isolated spot, or cut short its operations by exiling it from their favor. People were duly warned against the young monster; the faithful were drilled to an obstinate resistance on its first approach, and commanded to scout, to curse, and to crush it. Yet notwithstanding the formidable antagonist which it everywhere encountered, it lived in the fire, and its successes were still reported, and each recurring day chronicled some new victory.

Can we not be saved from this particular style of Knowing Nothing? "Good people, bring a rescue or two!"—*N. Y. Courier.*

From The Times.

THE COLD SHADE.

IN the life of every man there are certain periods when, overcome by some bodily weakness, led aside by some strong passion, or engrossed by some favorite pursuit, he seems to lose his grasp over his destiny, to relax his efforts after the end at which he is straining, and to sink back into ease, indolence, and self complacency. Much such a period has this country passed through since the establishment of free trade in 1846. Immersed in the pursuit of material wealth, proud of the extension which our noble principles gave to our commerce, and happy in the relief from pauperism and the increased facility of finding employment, we have been only too well content with things as they were, and too little disposed to inquire what they should be. The revolutions of 1848, and the crimes, miseries, and absurdities to which they give rise, had produced a reaction against liberal sympathies and opinions, and a tendency to submit without inquiry, to whatever authorities might be placed over us. The election of 1852 was a struggle for a principle virtually condemned already, and practically obsolete, and the nation only sought to strengthen the hands of those in whose adhesion to free trade they felt entire confidence.

From different circumstances, it came to pass that at no period since the reform bill had the aristocratic families obtained so firm a hold on office, place, and patronage as in the commencement of the year 1854. They had conducted our business for many years without any extraordinary miscarriage or misfortune, and we were content to leave them the field of politics as their peculiar vocation and monopoly. But war has always been noted as an unsparing innovator, the destroyer of conventional respectabilities, and the overthrower of all manner of snug and comfortable cliques and coteries.

The experience of the last few months has awakened the people of England from their dreams of wealth and prosperity, from their traditional self-gratulations over the naval and military exploits of the late war, and from the supposition that men invested with high rank and clothed with great office are possessed of faculties equal to the direction of our affairs whenever there is more than an ordinary strain on the vessel of the State. Our eyes are open and we behold that we are naked. We ask for talent sufficient to conduct great affairs to successful conclusions, and, instead of talent we are offered titles and pedigrees. We ask for merit, and we are offered in exchange high connections, or at best seniority. The cold shade of aristocracy is over us all,

and nothing can grow beneath it except the offshoots of the tree itself.

Up to the middle of November, this country believed itself to have armies, generals, statesmen, departments all equal to their several duties, all of the very best the world could afford; and now, in the middle of February, in three short months, all is changed, or rather all is reversed. We have awoken from our dream of hope, prosperity and success, to disaster and dismay. Our generals have turned out worse than useless, our ministers something more than incapable, every public department has been crushed into hopeless imbecility by the weight of unbending routine and worthless formalities, and on no one occasion that we are aware of has the right man been selected to fill the right place. Everything has been mismanaged to a degree which, if predicted, would have been deemed incredible; yet so far as the public are aware, no single official has yet been recalled, and after a week's interregnum government has been reconstituted and strengthened only by the omission of three of its leading members, and the promotion of one who is at least as guilty as any of those omitted.

The people of England have remained quiet under all these things. They have felt—as how should they not feel?—the mortality which has brought mourning to every hearth. They have noted—as how should they not note?—the incredible and inexplicable confusion and stupidity which have presided over every department, giving reality to absurdities such as the most extravagant imagination could never have painted, and occasioning miseries such as the gloomiest prophet could never have foreboded. Why the people have been so long silent has been to most reflecting men a matter of wonder and astonishment.—They feel most acutely, but they have remained hitherto passive spectators of the method in which their best hopes and dearest interests have been squandered and betrayed. Perhaps they have cherished a hope that at the meeting of parliament all things would be well.—Perhaps they have been content to read their sentiments faithfully reflected in the columns of the press. Whatever be the cause of their silence, that cause exists no longer, and we have to look for an expression of public opinion from one end of this country to the other which will convey to our governing classes a most clear and intelligible warning that the patience of the nation is exhausted, and that the necessity of widening the area from which our executive is to be taken, is great and paramount. The enthusiastic meeting at the town of Derby has led the way and the remaining towns of England will not be slow to follow. . . . We have been ready to allow place and patronage to be monopoliz-

ed by a few great families. We have been content to live in our own country, strangers to our own government, excluded from the working of our own institutions, but it was only on condition that our national pride should be respected, and our interests and position in the great family of nations remain inviolate. This our aristocracy have failed to secure to us, and therefore the people of England will, we hope, demand, in no spirit of wild and theoretical levelling, in no spirit of hatred or animosity to any portion of the community, but in the spirit of practical reform of an urgent and intolerable grievance, that the system which excludes plebeian talent from high office shall henceforth be discontinued, and that in the army, at the desk, and in the council, those men shall be called to the public service who are best able to serve the public. We wish all success to this movement.

It has been our painful lot to witness more nearly than others and to obtain more ample information as to the manner in which this war has been conducted, and we do not hesitate to express the opinion, that without an entire change of system, a substitution of youth and energy for age and decrepitude—unless some plan can be hit upon by which merit shall be the only criterion in the filling up of civil and military offices,—without, in fact, a complete abandonment of the claims of wealth, of family, and of interest, in favor of that higher nobility which the hand of God has impressed on the forehead of every man of talent, it is vain for us to continue the present contest, and better to accept any conditions, however degrading and however humiliating, since no degradation and no humiliation suffered at the hands of the enemy can exceed those which our own servility and meanness have inflicted, and are about to inflict, upon ourselves.

From The Spectator, 24 Feb.

THE COLD SHADE.

BESIDES those who are joining in a cry against "the governing classes," and deploring "the cold shade of aristocracy" which blights all our institutions, there are others who, though they hate the slang, feel alarm at the clamor, and think that there must be some truth in that which "everybody" asserts.—There is some truth, although it is mingled with falsehood, is exaggerated, and misapplied: but the danger is not so much that the mob should misinterpret its own instinctive sense and functions, as that certain classes should dismiss the truth with the falsehood, and slight a real danger because they slight the clamor,—like the shepherds who disbelieved the boy

when there was a wolf. There are men, neither demagogues nor adventurers, who are half-inclined to think that "our aristocratic system has come to its end;" and although we do not share their apprehensions, it is better to be apprehensive than blindly indifferent. The general outcry is newer in its universality than in its causes. It is an old grievance, well known to this country; but never before, perhaps, felt so strongly, or exhibited so hazardously. When the French revolutionists were calling out, "A bas les aristocrates!" "Les aristos à la lanterne!" the bulk of the British people was sound enough in its loyalty to the upper classes as well as to the Crown; but the example of France, which has shown that an aristocracy monopolizing particular privileges may be swept clean away, has not been entirely lost upon a country in which other classes have risen, and with their rise have acquired pretensions to political consideration. If in foreign countries privileges were more retained by express law, in this country the social usages of higher political life have been scarcely less exclusive or tyrannical in the eyes of the excluded classes. It is quite true that individuals of great ability and energy may elevate themselves in the social scale, and become a part of the limited order which enjoys the occupation of the chief places for governing the country. But this process of elevation rather removes the individual from his class than extends political consideration to the class which produced him. The consequence is, very great annoyance among the well-to-do classes who are not connected by birth with land, and among the town-settled gentry who have immigrated from the country to the urban districts, and who are very numerous in the professions and in trade. Four or five years ago the same classes furnished the special constables to put down the Chartist; but, under the impulse of patriotic chagrin at the disasters of our troops in the East, of indignation at the Government, and perhaps of some more invidious feeling, the special constable has in this present 1855 half a mind to take part with the Chartist.—He almost complains that the working classes are "so supine;" though, in truth, it would be a mistake to suppose that the perfect hopelessness of doing anything by agitation, which at present possesses the mind of the working classes, has any resemblance to contentment. There is still the chronic dissatisfaction of the unrepresented freemen at being denied the suffrage; and this dissatisfaction is not the less an unhealthy taint in the political system because it is as it were skimmed over. These are predisposing causes for the discontent which now shows itself more conspicuously in classes very much above the working or even the retail-trading classes.

There are more immediate causes of irritation. There is no doubt that the action or inaction of Government is in discord with the settled and prevalent opinions of the great mass of the community, divide it into what classes you will. Year after year, the settled opinions of the community are recognized by a kind of tribute in the form of "bills" brought into Parliament, for various subjects of political, social, and material improvement,—education, sanitary rule, Parliamentary reform, local legislation, partnership amendment. Although these measures so far acknowledge the universal wants, they scarcely get further than the stage of "bills,"—a half-compliance which is at once a recognition and a denial.

If public opinion is not more effectual in compelling the ruling classes to grant what is wanted, the means taken to blunt the force of public opinion aggravate the discontent. The means consist principally in corrupting the agency by which public opinion works. This is not done by payment of sums of money, or by giving an exciseman's place to a patriotic poet. The machinery used at present is at once more delicate and more extensive, in accordance with the immense improvement of mechanics. We may have no rotten boroughs, but we have reduced the art of wheedling constituencies and organizing the misleading influences amongst them to a science and a branch of attorney's business. Members of Parliament no longer hang back in the lobby to be bought up by the whipper-in; but the distribution of Treasury or other patronage is not the less avowedly given because the route for distributing it is more circuitous and more decorously veiled. There is a kind of corruption still more effectual than any direct mercenary bribe; it consists in the encouragement of rising men, and in help for them to get into this stratum of society, through which advancement to professional profit or place is levelled and smoothed. A rising man looks to be identified with the classes that get on in life, and no one can help him so effectually as a member of the Government. The causes of dissatisfaction arising from this state of things were in operation before the present year, but the circumstances of the last month or two have brought them into very active working.

By the operation of the corrupting agency, the Representative Chamber of this country has been converted into a combination of public men of whom a larger proportion are sprung from certain families, while the rest of the assembly consists of nobodies conforming to the average requirements of the election agency. Professional and adventurous skill there is, but even this doubtful kind of power has little hold upon the popular assemblage; because the families who now are an object of

popular attack have an exclusive and class hold upon influence, sufficient to neutralize all that do not conform; and the herd of Members are too little swayed by the common, instinctive influences of the nation, to be amenable to appeals on that score. Hence, personal ability can make no way in Parliament, except by identifying itself with Administrative business or with the Opposition, and so with the expectation of being in the Ministry.—Men who seek a more independent position become marked men, and are not used up; or if they are adopted by either one of the great parties in the state, they are shelved in subordinate positions, and are allowed to rise to the higher places only when they have become thoroughly tamed to the system. Thus, with a fractional recruiting of "new blood," the same families are continually running their rounds before the public. A consequence and a reproducing cause of the system is the incessant repetition of the same ideas. The whole governing system is hardened into a routine; and it aggravates the displeasure of the excluded classes to see the masters in office confessedly incompetent to break through the organized obstructiveness of their own servants—the officials, civil or military. In addition to those now habitual provocatives of discontent, another has developed itself in great force. There is a marvellous tendency to the choice of *old* men for the most responsible and active posts. The Premier, the Commander-in-chief, the latest manager of the Staff, the last Commissioner to overhaul a department—all these are men touching the proverbial boundary of human life. It is not only old families, but old gentlemen that seem to possess the exclusive preference for active employment; and the subversive clamor of the working classes against "the aristocracy" is now echoed by Liverpool, Manchester, the Stock Exchange, and the *Times*. It is true that men only become known gradually, and that public confidence is the growth of years; true that the older and therefore experienced men form the natural advising "senatus" of every body politic: but they are properly the selectors and directors of the men of action, and the complaint just now is, that our *senatus* have forgotten their true duty, in appointing their companions and contemporaries to act, instead of looking out for the juniors whose rise and promise they ought to have watched. For there will be strong men after Agamemnon, and Waterloo did not see the last generation of British soldiers.

There is one real feeling at the bottom of this clamor, although the cry does not express it. At the very moment when public writers and speakers are contrasting the faulty administration of the aristocracy with the business of railway companies, building firms,

and great contractors, Mr. Samuel Morton Peto becomes Sir Morton Peto as a Baronet; and the complaint that George Stephenson cannot put an hereditary "Sir" before his name only utters the universal desire for titular *hereditary* distinctions. The aristocracy is not more aristocratic than any class in the country; and one of the many great causes which have conduced to the exclusiveness of the so-called "governing class" is the coöperation of the commercial classes in keeping up that select influence. There is not a Peto of them all that would not rather be admitted into the titled aristocracy than remain where he is to share extended influence with his whole class.

One reason why the railway building, and contracting class, do not readily obtain access to office, is because, throughout the course of a too exclusive life, they neglect to study or to cultivate political influences; just as, on the

other hand, those who make the business of political rule the profession of their life neglect to study the state of feeling, opinion, and influence, amongst the commercial and working classes. Exclusiveness begets ignorance as well as severance, and all classes are losing their faculty of acting upon each other or through each other. Of all people, those who retain to themselves the right of governing are most responsible for this divided ignorance; and they can only continue it with great peril to the country, our institutions, and their own influence. Since the last change of Government has brought no decided change of ideas or plans, the popular hope of something to be got out of the usual round of ministers has immensely declined; and with it, if we may say so, there is a serious rise in the premium upon the political insurance of the tranquillity of the country.

From The Presbyterian.

A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

A year uncalendered; for what
Hast thou to do with mortal time?
Its dole of moments entereth not
That circle, mystic and sublime,
Whose unreach'd centre is the throne
Of Him, before whose awful brow,
Meeting eternities are known
As but an everlasting now!
The thought removes thee far away—
Too far beyond my love and tears;
Ah! let me hold thee as I may,
And count thy time by earthly years.

A year of blessedness—wherein
Not one dim cloud hath crossed thy soul;
No sigh of grief, no touch of sin,
No frail mortality's control;
Nor one bath disappointment stung,
Nor care, world-weary, made thee pine;
But rapture, such as human tongue
Hath found no language for, is thine.
Made perfect at thy passing—who
Can sum thy added glory now?
As on and onward, upward through
The angel-ranks that lowly bow,
Ascending still from height to height,
Unfaltering where rapt seraphs trod,
Nor pausing mid their circles bright,
Thou tendest inward unto God!

A year of progress in the lore
That's only learned in heaven; thy mind
Unclogged of clay, and free to soar,
Hath left the realms of doubt behind.
And wondrous things which finite thought
In vain essayed to solve, appear
To thy untasked inquiries, fraught
With explanation strangely clear.

Thy reason owns no forced control,
As held it here in needful thrall;
God's mysteries court thy questioning soul,
And thou mayst search and know them all.

A year of love; thy yearning heart
Was always tender even to tears,
With sympathies whose sacred art
Made holy all thy cherished years.
But love, whose speechless ecstasy
Hath overborne the finite, now
Throbs through thy being pure and free,
And burns upon thy radiant brow.
For thou, those hands' dear clasp hast felt,
Where still the nail-prints are displayed;
And thou before that face hast knelt,
Which wears the scars the thorns have made!

A year without thee! I had thought
My orphan'd heart would break and die,
Ere time had meek quiescence brought,
Or soothed the tears it could not dry.
And yet I live, to faint and quail
Before the human grief I bear;
To miss thee so! then drown the wail
That trembles on my lips in prayer.
Thou praising, while I weakly pine!
Thou glorying, while I vainly thrill!
And thus, between thy heart and mine,
The distance ever widening still.

A year of tears to me; to thee,
The end of thy probation's strife,
The archway to eternity,
The portal of immortal life.
To me—the pall, the bier, the sod;
To thee—the palm of victory given;
Enough, my heart—thank God! thank God.
That thou hast been a year in heaven!

M. J.

From Household Words.

THE CHINESE ADAM.

THE notions entertained by Chinese writers on the subject of the first man and the creation of the world, are very curious. They begin, like our Scriptural account, with a time when the earth was without form and void; from that they pass to an idea that was of old part of the wisdom of Egypt. Chaos was succeeded by the working of a dual power, Rest and Motion, the one female, and named Yin,—the other male, and named Yang.

Of heaven and earth, of genii, of men, and of all creatures, animate and inanimate, Yin and Yang were the father and the mother.—Furthermore, all these things are either male or female: there is nothing in Nature neuter. Whatever in the material world possesses, or is reputed to possess, the quality of hardness, (including heaven, the sun and day) is masculine. Whatever is soft (including earth, the moon, and night, as well as—earth, wood, metals, and water), is feminine. Choofoots says on this subject, "The celestial principle formed the male; the terrestrial principle formed the female. All animate and inanimate nature may be distinguished into masculine and feminine. Even vegetable productions are male and female; for instance, there is female hemp and there are male and female bamboo. Nothing can possibly be separated from the dual principles named Yin and Yang,—the superior and hard—the inferior and soft." It is curious to find that the Chinese have also a theory resembling one propounded by Pythagoras, concerning monads and duads. "One" they say, "begat two, two produced four, and four increased to eight; and thus by spontaneous multiplication, the production of all things followed."

As for the present system of things, it is the work of what they call "the triad powers,"—Heaven, Man, and Earth. The following is translated from a Chinese Encyclopædia, published about sixty years ago,—“Before heaven and earth existed, they were commingled as the contents of an egg-shell are.” [In this egg-shell, heaven is likened to the yellow, the earth to the white of the egg.] “Or they were together, turbid and muddy like thick dregs just beginning to settle. Or they were together like a thick fog on the point of breaking. Then was the beginning of time, when the original power created all things. Heaven and earth are the effect of the First Cause. They in turn produced all other things besides.”

Another part of the tradition runs as follows: “In the midst of this chaotic mass Pwankoo lived during eighteen thousand years. He lived when the heaven and the earth were being created; the superior and lighter ele-

ments forming the firmament,—the inferior and coarser the dry land.” Again, “During this time the heavens increased every day ten feet in height, the earth as much in thickness, and Pwankoo in stature. The period of eighteen thousand years being assigned to the growth of each respectively, during that time the heavens rose to their extreme height, the earth reached the greatest thickness, and Pwankoo his utmost stature. The heavens rose aloft nine thousand miles, the earth swelled nine thousand miles in thickness, and in the middle was Pwankoo, stretching himself between heaven and earth, until he separated them at a distance of nine thousand miles from each other. So the highest part of the heavens is removed from the lowest part of the earth by a distance of twenty-seven thousand miles.”

The name of the Chinese Adam—Pwankoo—means “basin-ancient,” that is, “basined antiquity.” It is probably meant to denote how this father of antiquity was nourished originally in an egg-shell, and hatched like a chick. Among the portraits commonly stored up by native archeologists, we find various representations of Pwankoo. One is now before me that exhibits him with an enormous head tipped with two horns. His hair, which is of a puritanical cut on the brow, flows loose and long over the back and shoulders. He has large eyes and shaggy eyebrows,—a very flat nose,—a heavy moustache and beard.—Only the upper part of his body is exhibited, and one can scarcely tell whether the painter represents it as being covered with hair, leaves or sheepskin. His arms are bare, and his hands thrown carelessly the one over the other, as if in complete satisfaction with himself. Another picture represents him with an apron of leaves round his loins, holding the sun in one hand, and the moon in the other. A third artist has pictured him with a chisel and mallet in his hands, splitting and sculpturing huge masses of granite. Through the immense opening made by his labor, the sun, moon and stars are seen; and at his right hand stand for companions, the unicorn and the dragon, the phoenix and the tortoise. He appears as a strong naked giant, taking pleasure in the carving out of the mountains stupendous pillars, caves, and dens. During his eighteen thousand years of effort, we are told that, “his head became mountains, his breath winds and clouds, and his voice thunder. His left eye was made, the sun, and his right eye the moon. His teeth, bones, and marrow were changed into metals, rocks, and precious stones. His beard was converted into stars, his flesh into fields, his skin and hair into herbs and trees. His limbs became the four poles; his veins, rivers; and his sinews formed the undulations on the face of the earth. His very

sweat was transformed into rain, and whatever insects stuck to or crept over his gigantic body, were made into human beings!"

The uneducated Chinese are careless, and the educated sceptical, about these things.—As a people they are not easily induced to pay much regard to whatever has reference to more than everyday social wisdom. The sort of doctrine common now among the learned, is indeed found in the succeeding passage from a Chinese author:—"But as everything (ex-

cept heaven and earth) must have a beginning and a cause, it is manifest that heaven and earth always existed, and that all sorts of men and beings were produced and endowed with their various qualities, by that cause. However, it must have been Man that in the beginning produced all the things upon the earth. Him, therefore, we may view as Lord; and it is from him, we may say, that the dignities of rulers are derived."

CODDEN, COTTON, AND MEN.

1, *Adam Street, Adelphi, 14th February 1855.*

SIR—In answer to Mr. Hugh Mason respecting the wages of cotton-workers here and in America, I beg to say, that I took my data from the *Journal of the Society of Arts* and Mr. Wallis's report on the Lowell Factories. I do not consider the cotton trade indigenous in the Northern States of the American Union, but think it might become so in the Southern States where the cotton is produced, and Negro fingers could as well work it as cultivate it. The really indigenous country for cotton manufactures will be Eastern India, from whence they first came to England; where workers at 3d. per diem in Indian mills must eventually beat in competition English and American and Continental mills: and if the wages be so good in England as Mr. Mason intimates, the less will be the chance, even though demand in India should raise wages to 12d. per diem, and the race of men get to be at a premium there. I do not believe that the exodus of the cotton manufacture would be an evil to England, coming about, as it will do, gradually. Capital will, of course, go where it can get the best interest; but the cotton-mills of Lancashire are not movable capital, and will not be "removed to the States." They will be worn out in work, as is the case now; but will not be renewed if not wanted. Mr. Mason intimates that the condition of cotton work people is improving—"that workers are scarce and wages advancing." I can rejoice at this for the workmen's sake; but surely Mr. Mason must see that all this makes against the continuance of the cotton manufacture in the West while an abundance of cheaper hands are found in the East.

Mr. G. Macgregor says that "the recruiting sergeant visits the cotton-factory." I might ask, if from them are procured the recruits so unseasoned that they die in numbers so soon after landing in the Crimea? Let me not be understood to reproach any of my countrymen as lacking bravery. They may "bear no feeble mind," but if they lack force of body it will be a loss to the community. Mr. Macgregor asks, "what the thousands of his countrymen would have done had there been no cotton-spinning?" I may an-

swer—Probably working some years sooner at the "black band" and the "coal seams," and hastening the railway advent.

In conclusion, I must rejoice that my words have been the means of eliciting from these gentlemen their repudiation of the suicidal policy of Messrs. Codden and Bright. The former gentleman assumes, in his speech, that in case of civil war Manchester would lick London, Leeds, and Liverpool, and any other three cities thrown in. Not in good taste certainly, this bidding for local suffrage by reviving the municipal rivalry of the darker ages, and especially in one professing to be a cosmopolite: therefore it is satisfactory to hear from Mr. Mason that nine-tenths of Manchester see through him.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

EXCHEQUER BILLS OF LOW DENOMINATION.

Florence, 6th February, 1855.

SIR—The recent success of the Emperor of the French in raising a loan of twenty millions sterling, in consequence of its having been divided into small sums so as to suit the convenience of the less wealthy class of the community, suggests the idea that the Chancellor of the Exchequer might obtain the same result, and at the same time confer an equal boon upon the British public, when more money shall be required than at present for carrying on the war, by issuing Exchequer Bills of ten pounds sterling each, bearing interest at the rate of one farthing per diem; which might be brought promptly into general circulation by paying with them *at par* the officers, clerks and other persons employed in the various departments of the Government, as well as contractors who may supply what may be required for the public service; giving, however, to each individual the option of refusing to accept these Exchequer Bills, and of insisting upon being paid by preference in the current coin of the realm.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

W. BRYAN COOKE.

From the Times, 27 Feb.

THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

UNDOUBTEDLY there are great advantages in that system of common law, of legal prescription, and official tradition which obtains in this country and distinguishes it from all others. The great British community is but inadequately described by any of the terms that refer it to the constructive wisdom and industry of man. It may rather be said of it, in the words of a poet who, perhaps, expresses more than any other ancient writer the feelings of an Englishman,—*Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo*. Its growth is natural, spontaneous, and irregular. The best account that can be given of most of our institutions is, that there it is, and we see no reason to change it. In other nations an audacious spirit of organization has long since lopped and trimmed the tree, till nature is lost in the artificial form of an Empire or a Republic, with its Civil Code and its military system. Indeed, not to detain our readers longer than we can help in the golden age and "green fields," we will go at once to the point, and observe that our system is, fortunately or unfortunately, much better adapted for peace than for war. So long as we have nothing to do but to grow, like one of our own oaks, well and good; but, when it comes to war, the order of quiet imperceptible growth will no longer answer our purpose. In fact, we have tried it and found it wanting. We have tried a traditional army, ancestral regiments, ancient generals, and a family staff. Not that we have intentionally tried it, for we have been born and bred to it, and know nothing better.

Our Commissariat, Medical Department, and all the other services necessary to war, have grown up much in the same way as the venerable butler, the family butcher, the indigenous gardener, and all the lesser purveyors to the necessities of a "good house." The system does admirably for peace, and for all purposes of peace the British army is entirely successful. But the experience of many wars establishes the melancholy truth, that the British army, as it exists in peace, is about as unfit for war as a cow is to run for the St. Leger. After two or three years a heaven-sent general makes an army, an organization, officers, commissariat, transport, and so forth, of his own, and not only wins battles, but gains substantial successes. But this does not take place till we have lost at least one army. That is the penalty we pay for breaking that law of peace, which seems to be the proper mission of this empire. Once "free of war" by the payment of this penalty, we do pretty well.

Every day furnishes fresh evidence that the organization of our army has been an organi-

zation for peace, and not for war. It would have done very well in the Elysian Fields, where the poets tell us the turf is always soft, the air always balmy, wounds soon heal, the combatants are on good terms, the dinner self-supplied, and sleep unnecessary. It does indifferently well in Windsor Park or at Chobham. It only fails when we have to deal with a real foe, under real circumstances. Such is the force of habit, especially in an organization of peace, where all the arrangements are borrowed from peace, that an army like ours is positively out of its element in war. Look to the debates in our columns of this day. The Commander-in-Chief expects hay and corn to come to his cavalry as naturally as it comes along the Kensington-road to the Knightsbridge Barracks, nobody caring to know whence it comes, or whose the carts are that bring it. Cavalry pickets perish for want of covering and food, not merely because they were not sent in sufficient quantities from England—not merely because there is no store at Balaklava—but because there is not the usual London tradesmen to bring the hay and horse-cloths a mile or two, to the very spot where they are wanted. There is plenty of food for man and beast to be got within a few days' run of the army, but the general expects it to be fed from hand to mouth with an arm 3,000 miles long. They are in the Crimea, and their source of supply in this metropolis.

When soldiers are marched about in the British Isles they find barracks, or at least public-houses, at the end of their day's journey, and it seems expected they will find the same in the Crimea, in the face and even in track of a foe. At this moment they are unable to make the movement in advance they may have to make any day, for want of light tents. The greengrocer in London brings our potatoes and cabbages to the door every day, and, though his bill is not a light one, still he never fails. But there are no greengrocers in the Crimea, none at least that ply from Balaklava to the camp; so shiploads of vegetables rot in the harbor while the army is perishing for want of them five miles distant. The thing wanting at our camp has been the noisy rattle of the tradesman's cart, the area bell, the area steps, the trays of fish and butcher's meat, the chubby youth who holds a protracted conference with the kitchenmaid about nothing at all, and now and then the more bulky arrival of a waggonload of coal. Lord Raglan, worthy man! is out of his latitude. "What can these tradesmen be about?"—"That turbot is not fit to put on the table."—"Tell Mr Sheepshanks that if he does not give me better mutton I shall go somewhere else."

Certainly, it is a great pity the army ever left London—that is if the war could have

been carried on without it. Belgravia and Tyburnia are bad enough—they are so far from the markets in the city; but when you come to 3,000 miles from Newgate-street it is quite impossible for our commissariat to feed them, even with the nation to pay their bills. Then it is so provoking when a storm comes and sinks your supplies, or stops them in some strait of the sea. The worst part of the matter is that the Commissariat and Transport services are not fit for gentlemen, and you cannot get anybody to attend to them. We freely confess that it is a very great pity the noble profession of arms should be mixed up with such vulgar considerations. It would be much better if soldiers could fight as the heroes and heroines in the three-volume novels make love, without even eating and drinking. But so long a victuals and drink, and a few other vulgarities, are necessary to soldiers, something must be done, for we can neither expect manna to rain from the skies, nor ravens to bring rations in their bills, nor the barrel and cruise never to fail. So we must give up the old patriarchal idea of these things finding their way to the mouths of our soldiers, as they do in this country, with the smallest imaginable trouble, and devise a new organization of this, as of the other branches of the service, expressly with a view to war—one, in fact, for the use of fighting soldiers.

It must be made, not an amusement, not a routine, not a mystery, but a "business," in the city sense of the word. Mr. Lindsay, a

man of business, confesses to a certain sense of surprise on finding, on a visit to the French Minister of War, that war really is a business in that country, and is done as a merchant does the work of his counting-house. He was amazed to learn that the process is intelligible, and that a French Minister of War knows what men and material he has in hand, and where they are when he wants them. This organization is opposed to mere growth, and though it may be thought superfluous for us in time of peace, it certainly has the merit of making an army capable of being used in time of war. To devise some such organization, or, at least, to put things in train for it, we conceive to be one of the objects of the Committee of Inquiry, and, as that committee will go about it clumsily and slowly, nothing will be so easy or so politic as for Government to get the start, and originate a real working, fighting, reorganization for the army of their own. But then, we suspect, they must not listen to a board of general officers, or any old heads whatever. These respectable old gentlemen have all grown up with the idea of spontaneous growth. The older the better with them: the clumsier the better; the more roundabout the better; the more formal and utterly unreasonable the better; and they certainly will never consent to the Minister of War being at liberty to employ the best men to be found for the work, or to adopt any other of the straightest ways to the ends of war.

LABOR AND REST.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."
—[Russian proverb.

"Two hands upon the breast,

And labor's done:

Two pale feet crossed in rest—

The race is won:

Two eyes with coin-weights shut,

And all tears cease:

Two lips where grief is mute,

And wrath at peace."

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot:
God in His kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work address

Aye for His praise:

Two feet that never rest,

Walking His ways:

Two eyes that look above

Still, through all tears,

Two lips that breathe but love,

Never more fears."

So cry we afterwards, low at our knees:

Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear
these!

Chambers's Journal.

THE ADMIRALTY IN ITS CHILDHOOD.—It is with the greatest astonishment we observe that an admiral has just been appointed at the age of 54! We have heard before many years past that the service was going to the dogs, but we little expected that, within our lifetime, it would have gone to worse than dogs—to puppies; and what do you call a British admiral under the age of 60 but an arrant young puppy, that is only fit to float paper boats in the Serpentine? We have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when mere boys, who have never known what the gout is, and can venture on the deck probably without the aid of a crutch, are given the command of a fleet, and this, too, when we have admirals on the list of the matured ages of 70, 80, and 90—steady-going, experienced men, who can neither see, hear, talk, nor walk! It is reducing our naval supremacy to little better than child's play; and we tremble for the honor of our country when it is put, as thoughtlessly as if it were a toy, into the hands of striplings, that but a few years back would have been thought complete babies.
—Punch.

From *The Spectator*, 17 Feb.

SUCCESSFUL AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

THE recent expedition up the Chadda has met with a success unexampled in the history of African explorations. The expedition arose out of a discovery made by Dr. Barth. Before that enterprising traveller set out on his perhaps fatal journey to Timbuctoo, he made an excursion to the South of Lake Chad, and on his way he crossed a river of considerable magnitude, flowing Westward, which he rightly conjectured to be the Chadda, an Eastern branch of the Niger. When this intelligence reached the Foreign office, Lord Clarendon proposed to the Admiralty that a steamer should be sent up the Chadda from the sea, to ascertain its character and open a communication with the overland explorers, Dr. Barth, and Dr. Vogel.

It so happened that, in 1852, Mr. Macgregor Laird had offered to provide a steamer for the exploration of any of the African rivers; and he was called upon by the Admiralty to submit a plan of operations to them. The plan he sent in was adopted; the Government agreed to pay 5000*l.* as its contribution; and Mr. Laird contracted to build a screw steamer of 265 tons, capable of steaming ten knots an hour, to pay all the expenses of the voyage, and to carry out as passengers such officers as the government might appoint.

The natives are incapable of appreciating an expedition of a purely scientific or philanthropic character; and it was hoped, not without reason, that the trading character of the vessel to be employed would fail to excite the jealousies of the native chiefs on the banks of the river, who readily welcome trading adventurers. Captain Becroft, so well, and so long known in connection with the Niger, volunteered for the service, and was busily engaged preparing for it, when death removed from the scene of his usefulness this remarkable man—who, individually, perhaps, has done more good during his residence of twenty-two years at Fernando Po than any other European in those parts. Dr. Baikie, R. N., and Dr. Bleek, a German philologist, were the two other government officers appointed to ascend the Chadda. Mr. Laird named his steamer the *Pleid*, and she sailed from Liverpool in May last; calling at Sierra Leone for interpreters, and at the Kroo coast for Kroomen; discharging her European crew at Sierra Leone and Fernando Po. She left that island for the Niger on the 8th of July, with a complement of sixty-six—twelve Europeans, and the remainder Africans. Nine of the Europeans were the officers of the *Pleid*; three were government officers—Dr. Baikie, Mr. May, who had volunteered from her Majesty's ship *Crane*, and an assistant to Dr. Baikie Dr. Bleek

had invalided from Fernando Po. The Rev. Mr. Crowther of the Church Missionary Society, accompanied the expedition, on the invitation of Mr. Laird; and the remainder were Africans of different tribes, to serve as interpreters, and Kroomen, forming the working crew of the vessel.

After an absence of four months the *Pleid* returned to Fernando Po, without the loss of a single man; and on Monday evening this week, Dr. Baikie, in robust health, read a paper at the Geographical Society, detailing the results of the expedition. These may be briefly summed up:—

1. The exploration of the river Chadda 250 miles beyond the point reached by Allen and Oldfield in 1833.

2. The unprecedented return of the whole number of Europeans employed in the expedition, without a single casualty.

These results may be attributed to three causes. First, to the description of vessel employed. The *Pleid* is the first exploring vessel ever fitted with the screw propeller.—she is built on the model of the famous yacht *America*; displacement is procured by breadth, not length; and with the propeller lifted, the *Pleid* is a fast sailing schooner, 100 feet long by 24 feet beam. The peculiarity of her build enabled her to make the voyage out to the scene of operations without the necessity of taking in fuel of green wood upon the coast, which is sure to engender fever; and her shortness rendered her more manageable in the river.

Secondly, to the free use of quinine, both as a preventive of and a remedy for fever; to the regular use of Burnett's disinfecting fluid; to keeping the bilges clean; and to scraping the decks, in place of washing them; and to boiling the water used for drinking.

Thirdly, to entering the river at the proper season, while its waters were rising.

We may therefore consider this expedition, to mark a new era in African exploration.—As far as the banks of the river were concerned, the elements of disease were as rife as in the government expedition of 1842, which ascended the river in August, and lost forty-two men in one half the time that the *Pleid* remained in the river. It is demonstrated that a well planned, well officered expedition, can survey these great arteries of the African continent in safety; that the veil can be safely lifted from the mysterious interior; and that a few thousand pounds judiciously spread over eight or ten years, will remove the blank between the Niger and the Indian Ocean which now deforms our maps.

It would be unfair to the leaders of former expeditions, not to state that the successful treatment of fever by quinine, to which evidently the immunity from mortality is to be

mainly attributed, was not known, or, at all events not practised, when they were undertaken; but, to show the marked difference, we subjoin the mortality of four expeditions connected with the Niger.

In 1805—Mungo Park left the Gambia with 38 Europeans; seven of whom survived to reach the Niger at Sego, and the remainder perished, either from disease or with their intrepid leader on the river.

In 1816—out of Captain Tuckey's expedition to the Congo, then supposed to be the embouchure of the Niger, only one man escaped.

In 1832-'33—the Liverpool expedition, lost 40 out of 49 Europeans.

In 1842—Buxton's expedition, under Captain Trotter, R. N., lost forty-two out of one hundred and forty-five whites.

From The Spectator, 17 Feb.

PROGRESS OF THE AFRICAN INVASION.

THE successful navigation of the Eastern branch of the Niger to a distance of two hundred and fifty miles above any previous ascent, without loss or serious sickness among the crew, is an event pregnant with instruction and with hope. Not long since it was assumed, almost as settled and self-evident, that the seaboard of Western Africa was so deadly to European life for any success in penetrating it to be possible, and that to renew these expeditions was simply to waste money and men. The voyage of the *Pleiad* has at once refuted the presumption and rendered impossible the renewal of any such fatal attempts as the Niger expedition of 1842. It ought also to teach us not to rest content with conclusions that are only presumptive, while any part of the world is closed against the scientific investigation or the industry of man.

But it conveys yet greater lessons. From the account of the expedition which we print in another page, it will be seen that it could not have been successful except by a combination of precautions,—entering the river at the proper season, boiling the water to render it innocuous for drinking, cleanliness on board, the use of a disinfecting fluid, the use of quinine as a febrifuge, and the use of a ship made after the most improved model. To discover these six means of success, it required a previous combination of many scientific exertions, some of them of the largest kind. The make of the vessel is due to a branch of mechanics still in its infancy; the sanitary appliances could only result from very extensive physiological and chemical studies, carried on with a generous search for truth, unconscious

of any specific aid for the passage up the Niger; the use of quinine presupposed the skill of modern chemistry, and the discovery of America. It was through the wild course of the Genoese navigator wandering to seek the Indies, and through the swamps of Peru, that the true path to the interior of Africa lay. Yet men talk of limiting studies to "practical" and "specific" objects! Even the observation necessary for timing this expedition could only have been bought by the fatal failures that preceded it; and some few brave travellers have sacrificed themselves that multitudes may follow in safety.

A continent has laid for countless ages almost useless to man. Civilization has only nibbled at its extremities and edges. Liberia has resettled the native race, after undergoing a preparatory civilization in the hard school of slavery; and perhaps by learning to be free and independent, the countrymen of President Roberts may teach our own cousins of America the last lesson in the respect due to liberty. But all internal Africa still possesses a formidable army of observation in the savage interest. By the successful opening of a path to commerce, the flank of that army will be turned; and a new advance has been made towards redeeming Africa for the use of man.

It has been observed that modern philosophy inclines to practical science rather than to metaphysics or literature. True, but practical science may be too exclusive. It is but one of the handmaids of a true philosophy.—Man becomes wise for his own guidance in proportion as, modestly admitting the finite weaknesses that accompany even his latest learning, he abstains from presumptive conclusions. Causes we know not; laws we can observe. We know not the beginnings, reach not the end, and must not presume the next stage in the limited journey that we can trace. If, as Lord Ashburton says, we are on the transition between a darker to a brighter age, probably the distinction between the two lies in the presumptuous ignorance of the one, the modest ignorance of the other. When human knowledge is faithful and obedient to its own discoveries, it leads to enlarged and higher life; when it presumes its own sufficiency, whether it give the preference to bookish learning, to Fakir speculation, or to "practical" materialism, it leads to disappointment. In the admirable letter to the Metropolitan Church Schoolmasters' Association, explaining somewhat further his doctrine of the study of "common things," Lord Ashburton—a son of commerce though a British Peer—preaching the age to come, strikingly reminds us, that even in such high things as knowledge the end is sometimes sacrificed to the means; that "human meddling" when it departs from

faithful obedience to laws faithfully studied, cannot create, but may destroy.

"It is beyond your power to implant a faculty in a child's mind; but you may, and often do, obliterate faculties. You cannot instill one single incentive to exertion; but you do habitually weaken and crush many. I will give you examples. The man untaught by you, but taught by God, has an ear trained to catch sounds and imitate them: the man trained by you has often his sense of hearing so far obliterated that he is unable to catch the sound by the appointed organ, the ear—he can only catch it through his reason when it is spelt to him; and so it is that God's gift is impaired by man's interference. In the same way, we find Senior Wranglers and First Class men moving about the world who

can neither see with their eyes nor hear with their ears—who can only collect from books that which others, by the use of natural faculties, collect more vividly, more usefully, for themselves."

Impatient human meddling would have taught us to go only the straight path, and would have made us abandon the "vain attempt" to gain possession of Africa: divinely-implanted instinct led men, by circuitous paths, through the laboratory, through the shipping-yard, through America, back to the tawny continent; and now we see the domain in store to reward the labors of science pursued thus piously and disinterestedly.

ON GOD MANIFEST IN THE FLESH.—To love the Lord his God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself, is the end and perfection of man's being, and for the exercise of these two affections, or, in other words, for the fulfilment of these duties, and keeping of those two commandments, he was, by the primitive constitution of his nature, formed and furnished with faculties and powers. But by the fall, he lost the first and highest of these capacities, and became insensible to God. How, then, was he to be restored to that, without which his whole soul was out of course, and all within him darkness and disorder? How was he to be brought back to the fulfilment of that law, on which his well-being and happiness essentially depended? His philanthropy, impaired as it was by the loss of that higher principle with which it was intimately connected, still lingered in his bosom. His heart was still alive to the touch of human sympathy, and to the love of his fellow man. And God came down, as it were, to lay hold of and seize that cord by which he could still be drawn. For this purpose, God presented Himself to man in the form of man. He assumed his nature, that he might be a fit recipient of that love which man was capable of yielding. He met him at every point of sympathy. He thus won his heart as a friend, an equal, and a brother: and then disclosed the wondrous secret, that, in Him, were hidden all the treasures of the Godhead bodily. So that, in loving Him, he loved God; and as it respected him, the second commandment was sublimated and transubstantiated into the first. Such was the marvellous contrivance by which our salvation was effected. Such was "the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh." "Hast thou been so long time with me, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father."—Such was the language of Him who called us brethren, implying thereby that that brotherhood with Him constituted us the sons of God, and whose parting message to His disciples was, "Go to my brethren, and say unto them. I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God."—*Christian Observer.*

ON UNREASONABLE TEMPTATIONS. We may in some measure ascertain the moral condition of a man by the kind of things that tempt him. There are some temptations, the assaults of which, if we resist them, imply no depravity of the mind. But there are other temptations which, whether we resist them or not, could not be trials to any but a thoroughly disordered mind.—Thus, for an instance, were the task imposed on a class of students to write on some given subject, and were a prize held out to the foremost candidate, and were the youth who trod the closest on the heels of the winner, to feel some stirrings of envy or disappointment, which he at once resisted and put down, we should feel that he was deserving of our admiration rather than our disapproval. But if a dull and stupid youth, who had no pretensions even to pass muster in the class, were to hang his vacant head with mortification because he had not surpassed the excellence which won the prize; and were he, by what he thought an effort of right principle, to quell the storm within, we should see at once that the trial, though resisted, could not even have approached him, unless he were a monster of vanity and presumption.

Or take another case. Suppose a person had done me a most important service, and I were to offer him a payment proportioned to his merit, but barely so; and were a transient feeling of discontent to stir within him, which he immediately and promptly checked; who would say that that passing cloud bespoke a dark or thankless mind? But suppose that I had acted with unbounded generosity to a given person, and that while I lavished kindnesses upon his head and looked for the response of a full tide of gratitude, I could read in his heart that he was even remotely tempted to feel annoyed at my doing so little for him, let him repel that temptation as successfully as he might, I should nevertheless be painfully convinced that I had thrown away all my kindness upon a base and ungrateful subject.—*Christian Observer.*

From the Examiner.

The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington. By R. R. Madden, M. R. I. A., Author of "Travels in the East," &c. &c. &c. Three vols. Newby.

"Edmund Power, Esq. of Knockbrit in the county of 'Tipperary,' was during the latter part of the last century an Irish country gentleman, who started in life with a small property at Curragheen, in Waterford, and married at an early age Ellen, the eldest daughter of Edmund Sheehy. The Sheehy's had the Desmond's for their ancestors, but they had latterly been for several generations an ill-fated-family. Edmund, the father of Ellen, perished on the scaffold in 1765, an innocent man accused of misprison of agrarian outrage. In the preceding year, Edmund's cousin Nicholas, a priest, had been hung, drawn and quartered. His head, stuck on a spike, remained for twenty years over the porch of the old Clonmel gaol.

Soon after Mr. Power's marriage to Ellen Sheehy, he removed to Knockbrit, near Clonmel, in the County of Tipperary, and there his children were all born; Anne, Michael, Edmund, Marguerite, Ellen, Robert, and Mary Anne. These children were nearly all of them, from the beginning handsome; Marguerite only, born in the year 1790, differed from the rest. Her beauty was late in its development, for as a child she was pale and weakly, and marked, as it might seem, for early death. She was precocious, too, very keen of perception, and exquisitely sensitive, all which made it the more probable to those about her that she would never become a woman. Her father belonged to the generation of rollicking Irish gentlemen which has now passed away. His temper was violent, and he was harsh to his children; while her mother was a plain and simple woman, unable to understand an over-clever child. Her brothers and sisters were joyous with health, and rough companions, but ready always to submit to her spell as a weaver of fictions; and she would tell them tales of her own spinning by the hour together. Her genius for this kind of story-telling made her famous even in Knockbrit.

When Marguerite was about seven years old, Mr. and Mrs. Power removed from Knockbrit to Clonmel, the County town of Tipperary, where they lived in a small inconvenient dwelling near the bridge of Suir Island, and Mr. Power engaged in business as a corn merchant and butter-buyer. At Clonmel the health of Marguerite improved. She continued her studies and her dreams, but ceased to be the pale child sitting apart from the loud mirth and active sports of her companions. She was gaining strength against an evil day.

Her father, with a recklessness then common in Ireland, began to indulge in pleasures and in hospitalities beyond his means; and had forgotten both his means and interests in allowing himself, as the tool of Lord Donoughmore, to be tempted with the position of a magistrate for the counties of Tipperary and Waterford. The false promises and his own reckless temper, led him into magisterial excesses that could only tend to his ruin. He spent his nights at the head of a troop of Dragoons, hunting down rebels, and acquired a morbid delight in such sport. In return, the friends of hunted persons of course took their revenge, by burning Mr. Power's store-houses, laying waste his plantations, and killing his cattle. It soon became obvious even to Mr. Power himself, that he was on the high road to destruction. He had overdrawn his capital in the mercantile firm to which he was attached, and his partners got rid of him. It was then his patron suggested to him that he might retrieve his fortunes by establishing a newspaper, written of course in the same patron's interests. The newspaper was established as the *Clonmel Gazette*, or *Munster Mercury*, and proved a ruinous affair. It was prosecuted at last for a libel written by Lord Donoughmore himself, who left his client to pay costs and damages. That blow the publication did not long survive.

Mr. Power had thus, for several years, it is needless to repeat, been hastening his own downfall. He is described to have been a fine man, of aristocratic presence, carefully dressed with white cravat, frills, ruffles, leather breeches, and top-boots. Hunting with dogs by day, and with dragoons by night, he galloped to his end. A shocking incident precipitated matters. In 1803, when Marguerite was but thirteen years old, her father, in the course of one of his night rides, shot dead as a rebel, a poor widow's son, a harmless peasant who was carrying a pitchfork to be mended. He had assumed the pitchfork to be evidence against him, and the boy's body, carried to Clonmel, was hung out of the old Court-house, for the admonition of all evil-disposed persons. There the body was first seen by the mother after the boy's death. Mr. Power was tried for the murder and acquitted, but his name was expunged from the Magistracy.

At about the same time, Anne, the eldest child of the family, died of a nervous fever, "partly the result of the terror and anxiety into which the whole family were plunged by the misfortunes which gathered round them, aggravated by the frequent and terrible outbreaks of rage to which their father, always passionate, now became more than ever subject." Edmund, the second son, died shortly afterwards. Care and distress settled on the household.

But still the "hospitalities" went on. The 47th Regiment was stationed in Clonmel, and the officers were frequently at Mr. Power's table. One of them, Captain Farmer, a rich man who had been subject to attacks of Lunacy, proposed to marry Marguerite, asking consent, not of the girl, but of her father. For the sake of the money likely to be brought by such a match, and in spite of the lunacy, Mr. Power gave his child to Captain Farmer.—Against her tears and entreaties to the contrary he opposed harsh words and blows, while her mother opposed other tears and other entreaties to her own. She was still a child, bound to obey her parents as her gods, and at the age of fourteen Marguerite Power became Mrs. Farmer.

The child was brutally treated in his wild moments, by a husband whose insane acts not long afterwards caused his name to be expunged from the army list. He proposed then to go to India, and Marguerite most properly refused to follow. A separation was conceded, and the unhappy girl lived for a time at home, where she was regarded as an interloper, and from which she was ultimately forced into a position of greater independence, but not free from blame. The fact is not dwelt upon in these volumes, nor was it necessary that it should have been, but it was the error in her life (in that direction, we honestly believe, the only one) which the world agrees not to pardon or forget. It is less generally known that Mrs. Farmer would have chosen to become the wife of Captain Jenkins, on her husband's death, if the possibility of such reparation had presented itself even at the time when there was suddenly placed before her the alternative of a union of rank. Yet to her whom this person treated so ungenerously it is well understood that he was indebted till the close of his life for the most considerate charity and kindness.

Her husband's career ended with a violent death in the year 1817. She was living in Manchester square at the time, and four months afterwards was married to the Earl of Blessington. See then began that life spent in the cultivation of all that is best and most delightful in the social intercourse of our own day, for which she was so marvellously fitted, and of which we find instructive and very interesting records in the volumes now before us. Lord Blessington, who entered with excessive zest into the pleasurable excitements which belong to social life, a man only too free-hearted, who mortgaged lands rather than press tenants for arrears of rent, and who enjoyed life with a luxurious magnificence, first called upon his young wife to aid in gathering to their mansion in St. James's square (the house tenanted now by the Windham

Club) the aristocracy not of rank only, but also of mind and soul. Shifting his ground in search of refined pleasure, the earl afterwards resided with his Countess not in England only, but also in Italy and France.—Everywhere they won the best to their assemblies, less by their unbounded hospitality than by the evident and unaffected pleasure taken by them in the friendships and acquaintanceships they sought. What could they not win if they sought it, when the most winning features of the Irish character shone forth so pleasantly in each? The husband's frank generosity had its completion in the wife's equal frankness, and its enrichment by other qualities of hers not less delightful; for besides that unrestricted kindliness, there was the homage conquered by her beauty, and more surely by the promptness of womanly sympathies, her absolute and never-failing good humor, her thoroughly kind heart, and the brilliancy of her conversation, full of a wit that never stung the most sensitive. Even if some of these qualities ran to excess and became faults, they made, taken together, such a character for the house in which they were at home as could not fail to attract alike the witty and the wise. It is no marvel to us that the Countess of Blessington should have had no firmer friend than Walter Savage Landor—a friendship formed before she was known as a writer, and to which every year added strength and mutual esteem. Lord Blessington died very suddenly in Paris in the year 1829, in the forty-sixth year of his age; and it was after this date Lady Blessington became known as a novelist, and a contributor to literature in various forms. But upon this part of her career, or on the wit and the kindness which distinguished it to the last, and made her home even more remarkable in later than it had been in earlier years, it is not our present intention to dwell. Our sketch will be complete when we have referred to another circumstance dating from that earlier time.

The strong desire of the last years of Lord Blessington's life was that Count D'Orsay, to whom he had become much attached, should stand towards him in the relation of a son.—His eldest son by his first wife having died, only a few months passed before he bound Count D'Orsay, by a formal document, to marry one of his daughters by that former wife, and take upon himself the duties and position of his heir. Count D'Orsay in consequence married Harriette, the youngest of these daughters, when she was only fourteen years and a few months old. It was an unwise and cruel family arrangement, which could end only as it did, in unhappiness, and in the separation of the couple so united.—The other part of the Earl's wish was fulfilled.

Mr. Madden writes of the last days of Count D'Orsay, whom he visited but a few weeks before his death:—

I visited my poor friend a few weeks before his death, and found him evidently sinking, in the last stage of disease of the kidneys, complicated with spinal complaint. The wreck only of the *beau* D'Orsay was there.

He was able to sit up and to walk, though with difficulty and evidently with pain, about his room, which was at once his studio, reception room, and sleeping apartment. He burst out crying when I entered the room, and continued for a length of time so much affected that he could hardly speak to me. Gradually he became composed, and talked about Lady Blessington's death, but all the time with tears pouring down his pale, wan face, for even then his features were death-stricken.

He said with marked emphasis, "*In losing her I lost everything in this world—she was to me a mother! a dear, dear mother! a true loving mother to me!*" While he uttered these words he sobbed and cried like a child. And referring to them, he again said, "*You understand me, Madden.*" I understood him to be speaking what he felt, and there was nothing in his accents, in his position or his expressions (for his words sounded in my ears like those of a dying man), which led me to believe he was seeking to deceive himself or me.

The volumes of letters now published include a very large number addressed to Lady Blessington by living people. We have always expressed our disapproval of this use of private correspondence. We do not at all see why eminence in public life should deprive anybody of his private rights; and the right of putting pen to paper when he has a friend to address, with the certainty that he is speaking to a friend and not producing copy for a printer, is surely one that literary men know more than all others how to value. But they have it not, and never will have it, until they have wearied editors of "memoirs and correspondence" by their never-ceasing protest. We enter our protest, therefore, in due form, against the appearance of a great deal that is to be found in the pages of Mr. Madden. Having done that, we are bound to add that the disclosures in the present instance sin against nothing but the principle in question. They bring forward no letter that could injure any man or woman, or tend in any way to affect the reputation of its writer, except in the case of Lady Blessington herself, and the letters of hers that we find published here are only of a kind to make her memory more honored by the world. Sir William Gell, the astronomer Piazzi, Eugene Sue, Casimir Delavigne, Lord Byron, the Countess Guiccioli, Miss Landon, Walter Savage Landor, the late Duke of Wellington, Sir Ed-

ward Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Dickens, Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham, Barry Cornwall, and many others, men of all characters and all shades of opinion, appear here as Lady Blessington's friends and correspondents. But we can afford little space for extracts, and a few wise and witty sentences from Mr. Landor's letters are all that we shall take, in parting, from this ample store.

I have been reading Beckford's *Travels*, and *Vathek*. The last pleases me less than it did forty years ago, and yet the Arabian Nights have lost none of their charms for me. All the learned and wiseacres in England cried out against this wonderful work, upon its first appearance; Gray among the rest. Yet I doubt whether any man, except Shakspeare, has afforded so much delight, if we open our hearts to receive it. The author of the Arabian Nights was the greatest benefactor the East ever had, not excepting Mohammed. How many hours of pure happiness has he bestowed on six and twenty millions of hearers. All the springs of the desert have less refreshed the Arabs than those delightful tales, and they cast their gems and genii over our benighted and foggy regions.

After a year or more, I receive your reminiscences of Byron. Never, for the love of God, send anything again by a Welshman—I mean anything literary. Lord D's brother, like Lord D. himself, is a very good man, and if you had sent me a cheese, would have delivered it safely in due season. But a book is a thing that does not spoil so soon. Alas! how few are there who know the aches of expectancy, when we have long been looking up high for some suspended gift of bright imagination.

Thanks upon thanks for making me think Byron a better and a wiser man than I had thought him.

To-day I have finished a second reading of Barry Cornwall's poems. Scarcely any tether can bring my nose down to that rank herbage which is springing up about us in our walk of poetry. But how fresh and sweet is Barry Cornwall's; he unites the best qualities of the richest moderns, and the purest ancients.

"On Wednesday last I was present at a wedding; the only one I ever was at, excepting one other. There was bridecake, and there were verses in profusion, two heavy commodities! But what an emblematic thing the bride-cake is! All sugar above, and all lumpiness below. But may Heaven grant another, and far different destiny, to my sweet-tempered, innocent, sensible, young friend."

Never were my spirits better than in my thirtieth year, when I wrote '*Gebir*,' and did not exchange twelve sentences with men. I lived among woods, which are now killed with copper works, and took my walk over sandy sea-coast deserts, then covered with low roses and thou-

sands of nameless flowers and plants, trodden by the naked feet of the Welsh peasantry, and trackless. These creatures were somewhat between me and the animals, and were as useful to the landscape as masses of weed or stranded boats. But what can be said of those manufactured things from the workshop of politics which have neither edge nor handle, which it may hurt me to tread upon, and which it is troublesome to kick aside?

A few months ago I went to occupy my former seat in the Catholic Chapel, where I had once been seated between Mrs. Fitzherbert and Helen Walsh Porter. On the wall at the extremity of

it, I saw a marble tablet. I went toward it, and there I found the name of my oldest friend, Mrs. Ferrers, and just beyond it was her daughter's. I will venture to say, and I do it without pride, I was at that moment the most religious and devout man in the whole chapel. It is true I did not hear the service, and the music was so mingled with the affections as to be lost among them: yet, instead of wishing to be reminded of soft words and tender looks, which I went for, the faces of old friends rose up from the grave before me, and were far more welcome. I waited until all were gone out, and then I placed my brow against the edge of the monument. Ah! has its follies, you see, no less than youth.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A MYTH.

I.

THERE sat a lady in an ancient room,
Amid an odorous garden's golden bloom—
The Lady Alice; and her hair was dark
As dusky forest pool
Beneath the branches cool,
Far from the choral gladness of the minstrel lark.

II.

Bright were her eyes with visions. Yet more bright
Streamed through the casements the sweet sunset light,
In which the chamber quaint shone crimson-clear;
While Lady Alice saw
Across the open shaw,
Down to the forest fountains troop the fallow deer.

III.

There came a youth with lilies ever-fair,
And ruddy roses in his clustering hair,
Into the chamber. With his azure eyes
He gazed on Lady Alice—
Bearing a brimful chalice
Of sapphire brighter than the cloudy sapphire skies.

IV.

"I am the Spirit of Summer, maiden tender,"
He said. "To thee, O lovely one, I render
Homage; for sprites to mortal maidens
ever,
When beautiful as thou,
For purest worship bow.
Into this goblet look, and fathom Time's dark river."

V.

Therewith in that blue vase the magic water
Sparkled and leaped; earth's vision-loving daughter
Gazed, hoping for a happy future there—
Gazed, hoping that the time
Would echo Love's wild rhyme,
And fill with high delight the fragrant Summer air.

VI.

What saw she there? The blushful face of him
Who held the sapphire goblet? . . . Shadows dim
Crossed the fair lymph; and a weird form of eld,
Crowned with a coronet
Of ice and hoarfrost wet,
Pale with an unknown woe, the maiden there beheld.

VII.

"The Spirit of Winter!" cried the youthful shade;
And from the lady's vision did he fade.
Sweet Alice! when the Summer came again,
Those dreamy eyes of thine
Saw not the sunset shine,
Nor watched the fallow deer wind slowly down the glen.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT REVERSED.
—I have often thought that if Christianity were the kind of thing that some men take it for, the beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount would run in quite a different strain from what they do. We should not, in that case, have "Blessed are the poor in spirit—the mourners—the meek—the peace-makers—the pure in heart." No: something more practical, more of common sense, less visionary and less flighty, would have been substituted in their place. The beatitudes would have stood thus: "Blessed are they that are correct in their dealings and punctually pay their debts. Blessed are they that are loyal and good subjects to the queen. Blessed are they that improve their estates, and are skillful managers of their property. Blessed are they that add house to house and field to field. Blessed are they that lay up for themselves treasures upon earth. Blessed are they that provide well for their families. Blessed are they that secure good places for their sons, and rich husbands for their daughters."—*Christian Observer*.